

THE

MAGAZINE

# Elks



*David Berger*

NOVEMBER 1941



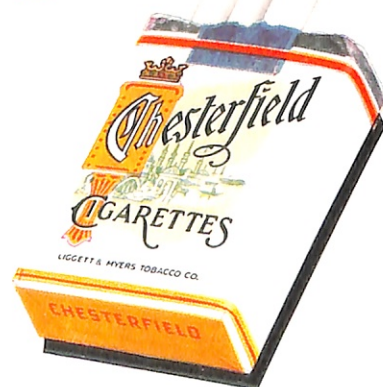


MARJORIE WOODWORTH  
Chesterfield's Girl of the Month  
in the Hal Roach hit  
"All-American Co-ed"  
a United Artists Release

# *Let's Celebrate* **IT'S CHESTERFIELD**

*Pass around the Chesterfields and  
it's pleasure time for everybody . . . smoking  
pleasure that only the right combination of  
the world's best cigarette tobaccos can give you.*

*Chesterfields make good friends . . . they're  
milder, definitely better-tasting and cooler-smok-  
ing. Everybody who smokes them likes them.*



*They Satisfy*





# A MESSAGE *from the* GRAND EXALTED RULER

HELLO, AMERICANS—

Armistice Day... Thanksgiving Day...

Both of these significant observances occur this month. Armistice and Thanksgiving—they mean much to our great membership in this year of grace, 1941. By the time you read these words the United States may be drawn even closer to the war we have steadfastly tried to avoid; yet may we not, as members of this great Brotherhood, give thanks that for almost a quarter of a century the United States has thrived in democratic peace and men have been free to live their lives as individuals and not as cogs in a great machine?

The pilgrims of three centuries ago gave thanks that they had survived the first year of their fight for existence in a new world, and their harvest had been bountiful. Living had been hard; dangers lurked at every hand; the future was uncertain. Yet these brave men and women were moved by a great faith and a great thankfulness—a transcendent purpose that strengthened them for what might lie ahead.

Today, we, too, are surrounded by unknown dangers; the future is clouded in the mists of uncertainty, and men wonder what the next few years—even months and days—may hold.

We wonder, yes, but are not afraid. America has fought before and (God forbid!) may fight again. Whatever course world instability may dictate, our benevolent Order is one whose Americanism is not to be questioned. Like all other good Americans, we of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks abhor the thought of another war, yet do not flinch from the responsibility and sacrifices if that is the only manner in which we may preserve this land of ours and our way of life.

As your Grand Exalted Ruler I urge you to make the most of your American heritage. Find in our Brotherhood an instrument for expressing your high patriotic purpose—a medium through which your worthiness as free men may be demonstrated.

On this Armistice Day reaffirm your high resolve to be Americans in the fullest significance of the term.

On this Thanksgiving Day be thankful that you, as an Elk, have unique means of expressing your gratitude for the United States and all for which it stands.

A vast army of patriotic American men, we find in these critical times a real challenge to serve and to do.

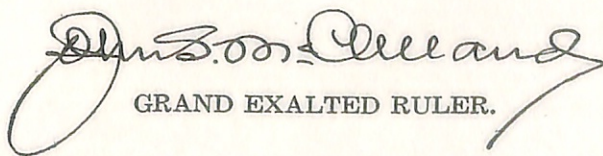
Developing our program for the year, the Lodge Activities Committee is proclaiming the organization of, "I Am an American Class", to be inducted into the Order early in December.

Let every lodge exert its full power to make this class representative of the name it bears: "I Am an American".

Therefore, the accomplishments of America are my accomplishments. Her glory is my glory, and her future is my pride.

I have been handed a trust—a torch. It is Americanism and all that this one word implies.

With fraternal greetings to all Elks,

  
GRAND EXALTED RULER.





THE

Elks

MAGAZINE

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

"TO INCULCATE THE PRINCIPLES OF CHARITY, JUSTICE, BROTHERLY LOVE AND FIDELITY; TO PROMOTE THE WELFARE AND ENHANCE THE HAPPINESS OF ITS MEMBERS; TO QUICKEN THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM; TO CULTIVATE GOOD FELLOWSHIP. . . ."—FROM PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION, BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS

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## IN THIS ISSUE

### We Present—

MR. VAN CORT, author of "The High Horse", is something of a character. He says this about himself:

California-born, he left home early in life to travel to the Dutch East Indies, where he spent some time wandering hither and yon, working at different jobs when he was not just drifting. He crossed the Macassar Strait with some natives in a stolen outrigger canoe, arriving in Borneo; he claims to have been in at least one spot where no other white man set foot before.

A conservative family who consisted mostly of soldiers, horsemen and ship-owners, induced him to return to his native shores where he tried all sorts of professions, from tugboat engineer to architect, cowboy to motion picture cameraman and research worker.

He likes to cook, eat and talk, is fond of American history (especially the southwestern), of cats, canaries and little girls, and horses. Being single he has difficulty staying long in any one place, thinks that the greatest defect in our educational system is the stupidly dry and unimaginative treatment of our history, which is our greatest and most exciting heritage. His story in this issue is about the Southwest and it's a yarn well worth reading.

Bill Fay is with us again—this time it's a boxing story, "Call Me a Bum". Your editor attended the Louis-Conn and Louis-Nova bouts with Mr. Fay. He knows all three fighters pretty well and we can assure you it was all very impressive and exciting when after the fights he took us back to each of the dressing rooms. Both Conn and Nova were full of the "leave me get at him again" talk, which from where we sat sounded pretty foolish. There just couldn't be anyone who would really want to get in a fight with Louis, even once, much less twice. Mr. Fay seemed to feel the same way about it, and said as much. Luckily neither fighter took offense, because Mr. Fay is at best a lightweight, while your editor would be uncomfortable even among the fly weights.

However, Mr. Fay's story is authentic and exciting and darned good reading.

The Elks National Foundation announces its yearly scholarship contest on page 16. The Foundation once again is in the midst of this very valuable contribution to Elksdom.

The National Defense Commission is carrying forward its campaign to "Keep 'Em Flying", with ever increasing momentum. Their announcement will be found on page 17. Our regular guests, Ed Faust, Ray Trullinger, Stanley Frank, Harry Hansen and John Ransom have turned in their usual sterling contributions.



# Cream of Kentucky

## THE "DOUBLE-RICH" BOURBON

Scarlet and black—racing colors of Mr. Joseph E. Widener—carried to fame by Brevity and Chance Shot

**Play the Favorite... for  
"Double-Rich" Pleasure!**

Way out in front of the fine Bourbon field is Cream of Kentucky—the world's largest selling straight Bourbon whiskey. Bred of the finest grain in the Bluegrass... with water from a special spring of century-old fame for making extra rich Bourbon... "trained" by Kentucky's premier Bourbon distiller. Taste what "Double-Rich" means to you—in extra flavor and smoothness!

86 Proof. Copr. 1941, Schenley Distillers Corp., N.Y.C.







**I** GOT up in the morning, in the early sunshine, on the seventeenth of May. It wasn't even six o'clock and Rita was asleep. The shining light wasn't strong enough to break her tiredness. And the baby was asleep, with his thumb stuck in his face. I walked in my woolen socks from the crib to the davenport where Rita lay. The davenport was crummy, but Rita looked like a doll. I always have to grin, they look so much alike, she and the kid. I sat in a chair to pull on my shoes and looked at Rita's face. She turned on the davenport, as though to reach for me, and then, not finding me, she woke.

"Hello, baby," I said, but I'd hoped she wouldn't wake.

"Harry." She rubbed her eyes. "What time is it?"

"Early," I said. "Just rest yourself. The kid's asleep. I got some things to do."

But she sat up and looked around. She did just what I didn't want her to. She saw the clock. "What things do you have to do?"

"A grease job," I said. "For Doctor Poynton. He's goin' out early."

Rita hurried out of bed. She kissed me. Then she touched the big sweater I was wearing, and the sweatshirt, and the flannels under that. "You're not going to work in these," she said. She saw the heavy shoes that I was putting on. "Harry. Listen, Harry," Mary said, "we've been through all this before. It's suicide. It's crazy, Harry, darling. Just because we heard he's coming into town. You've been hurt enough. Those things are all behind us now. We've got things going nicely. You're doing enough."

"Sure," I said. "Things are lovely. Things are fine. In this dump. On that beautiful davenport. How many times have we been bit? Tell me more about it. I'll bust with pride."

"It will be better," Rita said. "Oh, Harry, boy, don't be like that. Don't let it hurt you all the time. It's done. We're saving, something, anyhow. We've got time. We're not afraid."

I laughed. I said, "Yeah, we're

saving. We're saving nickles, pennies, dimes. We're getting no place, baby. We've saved fourteen dollars, eighty cents. In six months."

"We've got the property. They can't take that away from us."

"The property," I said. "What else we got? Mice an' dandruff. I can get a fight. A lousy little fight."

"Not with your hands, Harry."

"All right, not with my hands.

I can knock some of those bums over with my elbows. I could get a four-round fight, a six-round fight. Something, anyway."

"That's not what's on your mind," she said. "It's because you heard that Dixie's fighting here. Promise me, Harry—promise. Take off those sweaters. I'll make coffee, Harry. We can sit and talk."

"All right, all right," I said. "I'll



"It's crazy. It's suicide, Harry, darling," Mary said. "You've been hurt enough."



# Call me a Bum

**That's all Harry wanted, not the money, not the championship,  
but just to prove he could lick that bum with his hands tied.**

**By William Fay**

promise. But just lemme get out. Lemme get some air. Lemme think. A little run'll do me good. A little run don't mean I'm going to fight."

I went out the door. I went down the stairs from the little flat above the gas and service station where I live and where I work. Sixty bucks a month, a place to sleep, until the guy who owns the place gets well again. He broke his leg, but he'll be back. I went out into the bright and shining morning. Everything was

tight inside of me. I started in to run. I passed our property. It is a pretty spot, all right. It is a quarter acre where two roads come together. It is a place to put a gas and service station if I ever saw a place for one. In fact it is the reason why we are in Brushport. It's the only reason, really. Just because an uncle died and left this chunk of property to me. I've had some offers. Lots of guys have made me offers, but I know a good thing when I see it and I'm holding tight.

I cut across the place and ran down to the railroad station, running hard, much harder than I knew that it was wise for me to run. I haven't had a shot at roadwork in two years. The sweat was running off of me. I stopped, down at the station, just to catch my breath.

On one billboard, at the station, was a sign that told about the midget auto races. On another billboard was a sign that said:

**COMING!**

**JUNE 15                      JUNE 15  
HAMPTON FAIR GROUNDS  
DIXIE FAWCETT**

**Lightweight Champion Of The World  
America's Favorite Fighting Man—  
On His Triumphant Tour!**

**VS**

**HOMER SELTZ  
Rugged Brushport Welterweight  
Veteran Who Has Asked No Favors  
From The Foremost Men Of His  
Weight!**

**TEN ROUNDS**

**Plus Other Thrilling Contests  
Reserved Seats \$3.30, \$2.20, \$1.65  
Gen'l Admiss. \$1.10**

And other corn. Nice touch for Dixie, was the thought I had. This Homer Seltz, this Rugged Brushport Veteran, with two hatchets in his hands, with all the prayers of the community combined, could not go ten rounds with a punching bag, no less the champion. Except that he'd be paid, and all the punches he'd absorb would just add sweetening to the jelly that was once his brain. This is a nice profession.

I kept opening and closing up my hands. In my hands I held two heavy chunks of rubber I had cut out of the tire of a truck. Nice way to toughen up your hands, if you had hands that could be toughened up, instead of lumpy misfits that two years ago were beaten on their

knuckles till the bones inside had rattled like a cup of dice. They were all right for working, and I hadn't seen the doctor in a year. The doctor costs a lot of dough. All right for bringing food up from a plate into my mouth, and ordinary things, but hands like mine are not much good for throwing punches in a ring.

I looked into the mirror of a chewing gum machine. I am a little guy. Not ugly. Not at all. Not pretty, either. My nose is small and tidy and my ears are orderly against my head. It's only in my brows, those telltale marks, where Dixie butted me when things got going tough for him.

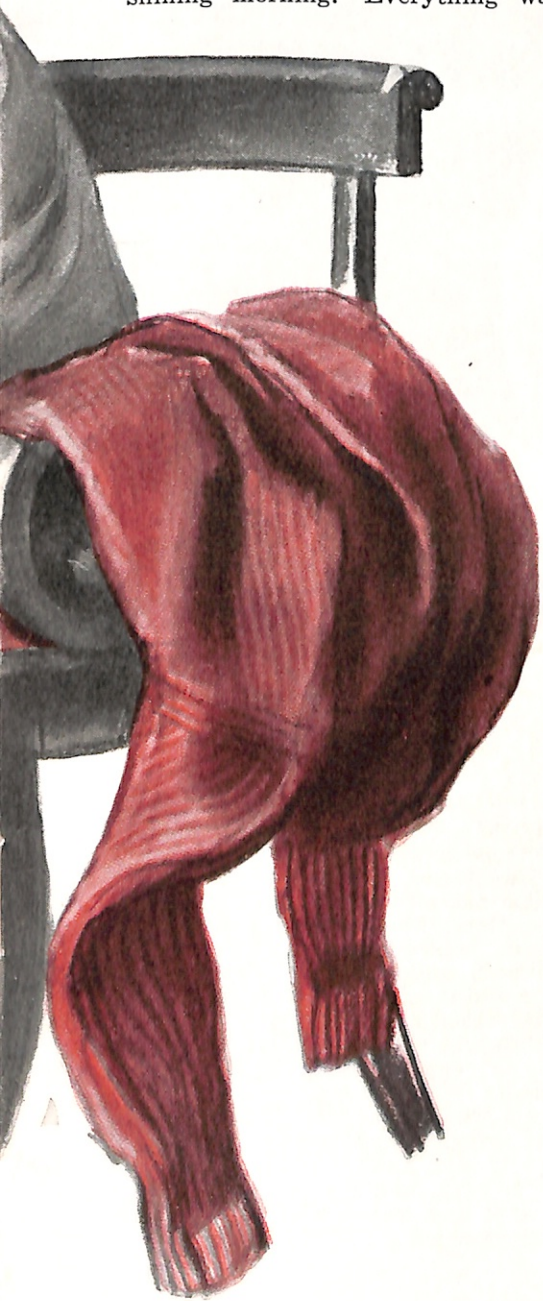
I walked across the tracks. The sweat was nearly dry on me. Catch cold that way. I broke into a trot, my two hands squeezing at the chunks of rubber in my palms.

Let's make believe, I told myself, that everything is different than it is. That I am all together in one piece, a fighter with a future, out here running where it's pretty and it's healthy, getting ready for my big chance at the champ.

I ran along, ran sensible. My sense of pace is good. The body oils ran free and loosened up my limbs. Unconsciously I'd toss a lot of punches, make believe that there was something there before me, something more than miles of empty road that stretched away through Indiana corn. I'm almost happy, I was thinking, when I'm able to forget, to make believe. I am a little guy, of course, a little punk who never got to schools enough to fix his brain for anything but stopping punches. But I was a little giant once, to Rita, anyhow, that time before we married, when I came back with the Golden Gloves and I was hot stuff in the neighborhood.

Chicago was the place I lived, and Rita lived and Dixie lived. The neighborhood was not a spot Chicago featured when they held the Fair. But it was good enough. Poor peoples' neighborhood, and I remember how it was. It wasn't very long ago.

Rita was so proud the time I won the Golden Gloves. We'd go to dances with our friends, and pals would stop us on the dance floor. They would ask, "What did you hit that guy with, Harry?" They meant the colored boy I stopped to win the finals. "You hit 'im with a brick?" And girls, you know the way they







are, they'd reach across and touch me on the muscle, they had read about me in the papers. It was kid stuff. It was amateur, but it was nice. It was the first thing I had ever been distinguished for.

Dixie made believe he was amused. But Dixie didn't like it. He was a big guy in the neighborhood. He was the lightweight champion of the world, a fast man with a dollar, and he drove a two-tone Buick that was beautiful, and he was always trying to convince the local people he was not the lousepot that they knew he was.

I know the reason Dixie didn't like it. Dixie was afraid. We had been

kids together. He was two years older than myself. When I was eight years old he punched me dizzy, and he beat me up again when I was ten. When I was twelve, the neighbors stopped the fight we had. It was a draw, but then the next time we got locked into a brawl, I made him quit. Outgamed him, and the thought was always deep inside of Dixie that "this guy will get me yet".

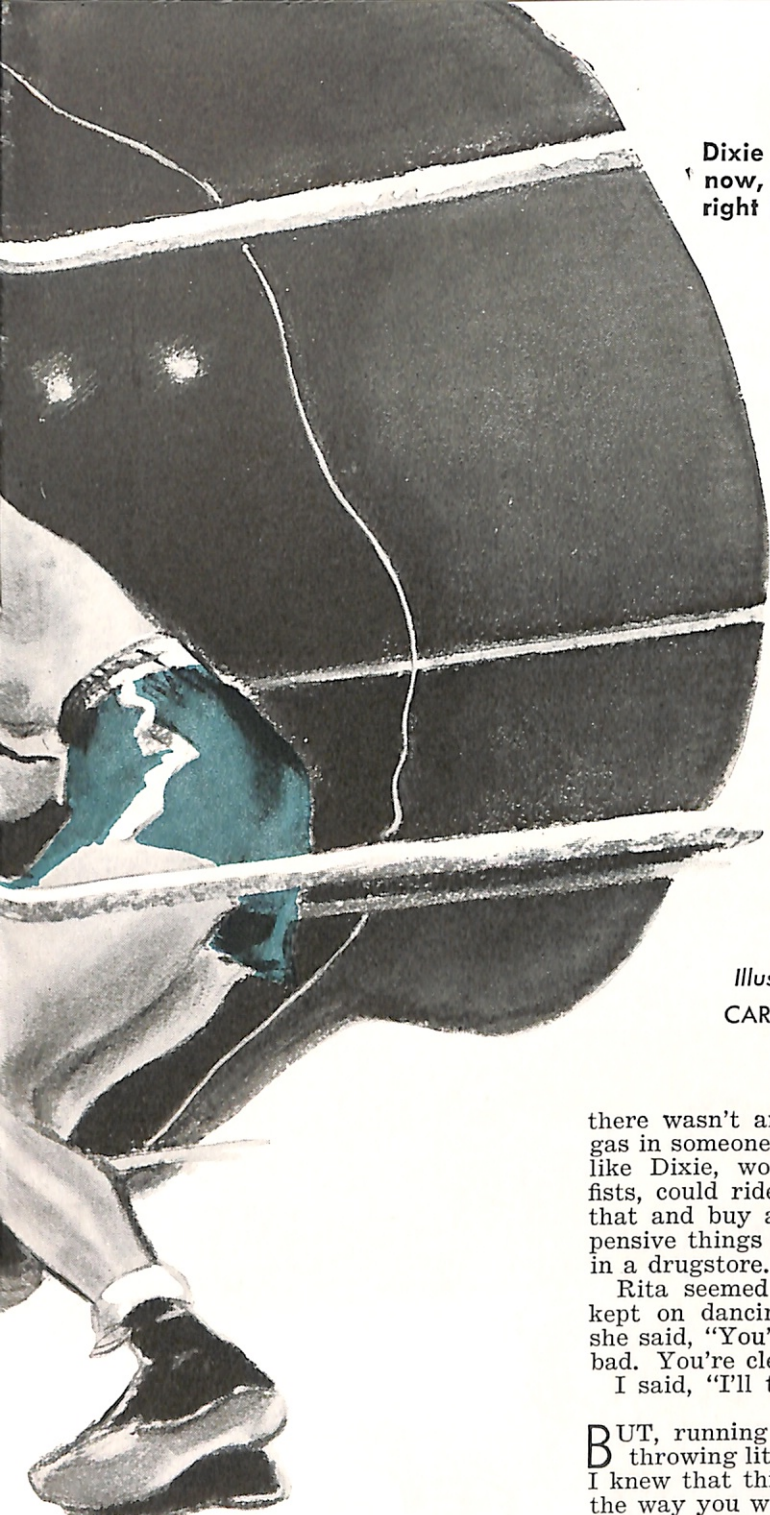
This thing, this trouble, just grew up with us, with Rita in the middle. I couldn't say for sure, but very likely I made up my mind to earn my living with my fists because I saw that Dixie was successful, and because I knew, inside of me, that

anything that Dixie did, I should do twice as well.

He always had an eye for Rita, Dixie did, although it never got him any place. She would be polite. She would be nice with him, as she would be with anyone. She'd dance with him and intervene when he and I got quarreling, and even make us shake hands when the only thing we cared to do was open up each others' heads.

He would send her flowers, when the dough came rolling in. She'd thank him kindly, but would send them back, and say to me, "Listen, is that any reason why you have to lose your temper?"





Dixie isn't quite so fast now, but he still keeps that right hand set and throws it like a gun.

Illustrated by  
CARL MUELLER

there wasn't any sense in pumping gas in someone's station when a guy like Dixie, working only with his fists, could ride around in cars like that and buy a girl some more expensive things than ice cream sodas in a drugstore.

Rita seemed to understand. She kept on dancing, close to me, and she said, "You'll beat him yet. He's bad. You're clean."

I said, "I'll take the bum apart."

**B**UT, running on that dusty road, throwing little punches at the air, I knew that things do not come out the way you want them to and plan them to.

I'd quit my job and won my first few fights, preliminary fights, and made a little money, just enough to buy a ring and put some furniture inside a house and Rita in the house. I had no manager. A manager takes thirty-three, one-third percent, and I was quick to ask, "For what?"

Dixie had a manager, of course. Victor Daddio. And he was welcome to him. I knew Victor all my life. Victor was a crafty poolroom boy, a few years older than the rest of us. He was a local wise guy, deep in "policy", and deep in lots of things I knew about and often wondered how he kept away from the cops. He was a big-time manager, of course. He had a champ. I told myself, if that's a big-time manager I'll handle my affairs myself.

I said to Rita, "Look. The fight game's bad enough, but when you get a manager like Victor, darling,

why you only compound the felony." It all seemed reasonable to me. "I'm not a dope," I said. "I can add, subtract and divide. A manager don't stop the punches with his face. That's you, Joe Chump, the gladiator. I got a little reputation, anyhow. Enough to get some fights, to get a start."

Maybe it's not so wise to go alone, to carry everything yourself. My goal, of course, was Dixie and the title. But I figured that was far away. Dixie was not the boy to put his crown up where it could get knocked clean off his curly head.

But it seems that Dixie had been thinking things himself, and Victor Daddio was thinking things. They got in touch with me. A promoter, some guy by the name of Charlie Carr, got in touch with me and said that I could get a ten-round fight with Dixie out in Jepson, Illinois.

I said, "Why? There must be worms in the apples, boys. Why should you be so sweet to me?"

Victor said, "You need the money, don't you?" Which was very true. The baby would arrive in just a couple of months. There would be need of money. Plenty need. I guess it's Victor's business to find out about such things.

"We're not takin' any chances," Victor said. "The title's not at stake. You got to come in at 137 pounds or you don't fight. Otherwise, it's a break for you. The fight should make a nice piece of change."

Dixie said, "We're not kids any more. We're in business, Harry. We're just tryna make a living."

I knew the reason why I got a  
(Continued on page 36)



But our pals would say, to get me crazy, "What's the matter, Harry? Dixie movin' in on you?"

The time I won the Golden Gloves there was a party for me. Dixie stuck his nose in, kept on chasing Rita, so I had to say, "Look, Dixie. Fun is fun. But you're makin' it tough for Rita. You're embarrassing her. Now, we're having a nice time here, and I want to behave myself. Just cut it out. Behave. Relax."

But Dixie had to make a show of it. He laughed out loud and then got nasty. He said what the hell, a champ can't punch an amateur and make a public stink. "Don't worry," Dixie said. "You be a big guy for tonight. You won't get hurt. Just buy the little girl another ice cream soda." Then off he went, with Victor Daddio, his manager, in his lovely two-tone Buick, and I told myself



**Mr. Frank reviews some  
heart-rending pep talks by  
famous football coaches.**

**By Stanley Frank**

**F**IVE minutes before Fordham went into the Cotton Bowl to play the Texas Aggies last New Year's Day, the Fordham locker room resembled the deathbed scene in a starkly realistic Russian drama. Lou DeFilippo, the big captain who presently was to smack All-American Jack Kimbrough harder than he ever had been hit by any tackler, was blubbering noisily. Steve Filipowicz, whose compressed 195 pounds had inspired the nickname of the Human Hydrant, was carrying out the allusion by weeping copiously all over the place. Other large, muscular Fordhams were groaning hollowly or sobbing convulsively, out loud and unashamed.

Coach Jim Crowley was trying to

read from a crumpled typescript, but he was so choked up that he couldn't continue after a few paragraphs. In his hand Crowley held what was supposed to be the original draft of the advance story on the game sent throughout the country by Henry Super, of the United Press. Never was a more vicious poison-pen story written.

Super ridiculed Fordham's chances against the mighty Aggies. He belittled the University, the coaches and the players with heavy-handed sarcasm. He reported that the squad devoted more attention to the glamorous hostesses than to its practice sessions; he told how the silly city slickers had befouled themselves falling off horses and bar stools and he described in vivid detail the team's strenuous training in the night clubs of Dallas. Super wrote that Fordham had gone halfway across the continent to its first Bowl game just for the ride. At that point Crowley broke down.

The door opened and Fordham was summoned to the field. The squad answered the call with a wild, primitive roar.

"The kids almost knocked me

down in their eagerness to get out there," Crowley says. "Each one would've torn Brisbane's gorilla limb from limb at that moment."

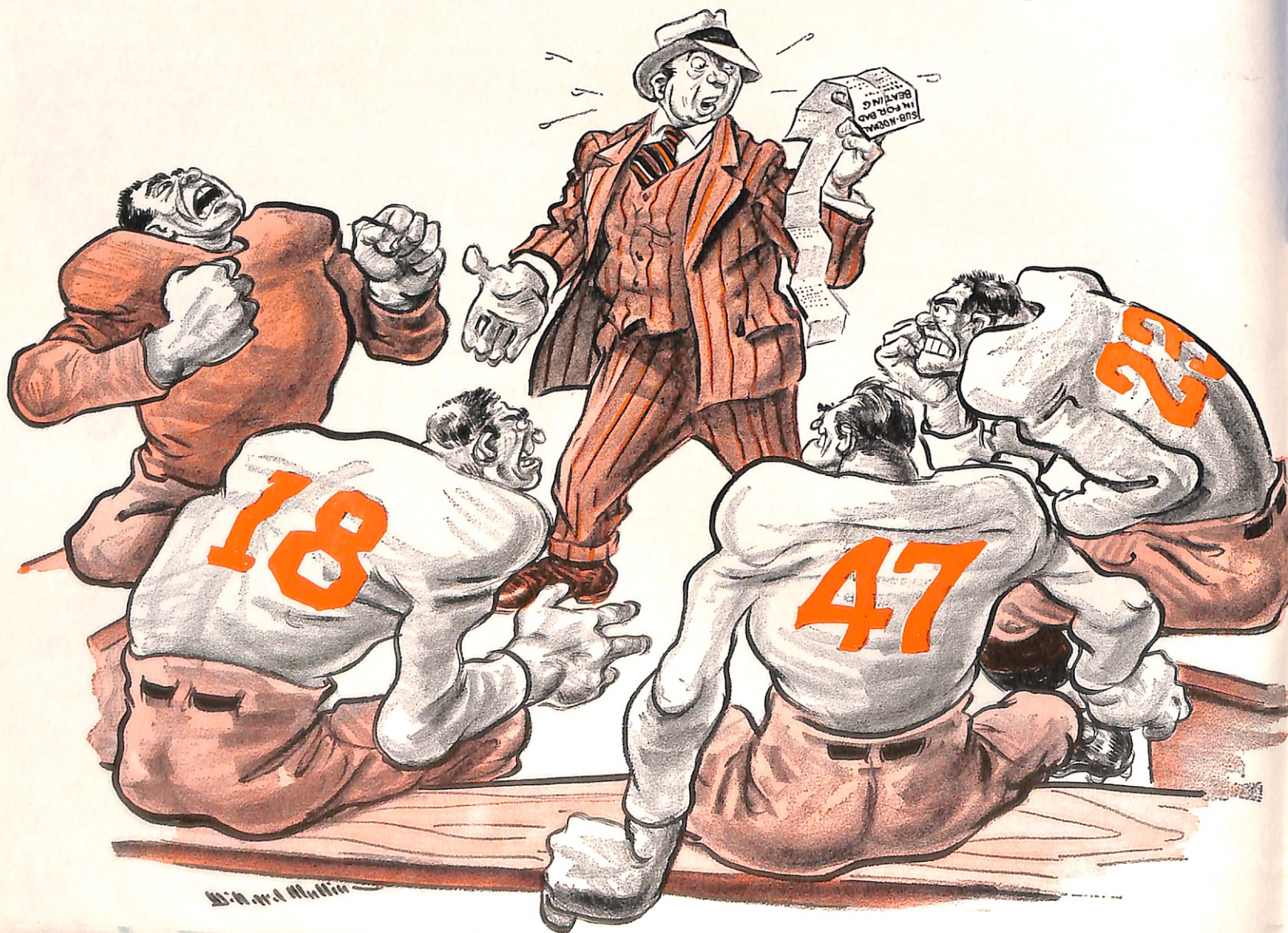
You know the immediate sequel. The half-hysterical kids from New York went out and licked the heavily favored Aggies everywhere except for the scoreboard. Fordham lost, 13-12, on two bad breaks. A pair of damaging penalties against the Rams set up the Aggies' winning touchdown and Fordham missed a tie by mere inches when an attempt for the point after touchdown struck the cross-bar and bounced back on the field.

The reason why Super continues to write pieces for the United Press and enjoy the best of health is not generally known, however. He was not maimed by the furious Fordhams after the game because Earl Walsh, the chief scout, hastened to tell Crowley and the team that Super's story was an out-and-out fake, a phony.

Super wrote the story Crowley read to the players at the instigation of Walsh, who was worried that Fordham was not aroused enough

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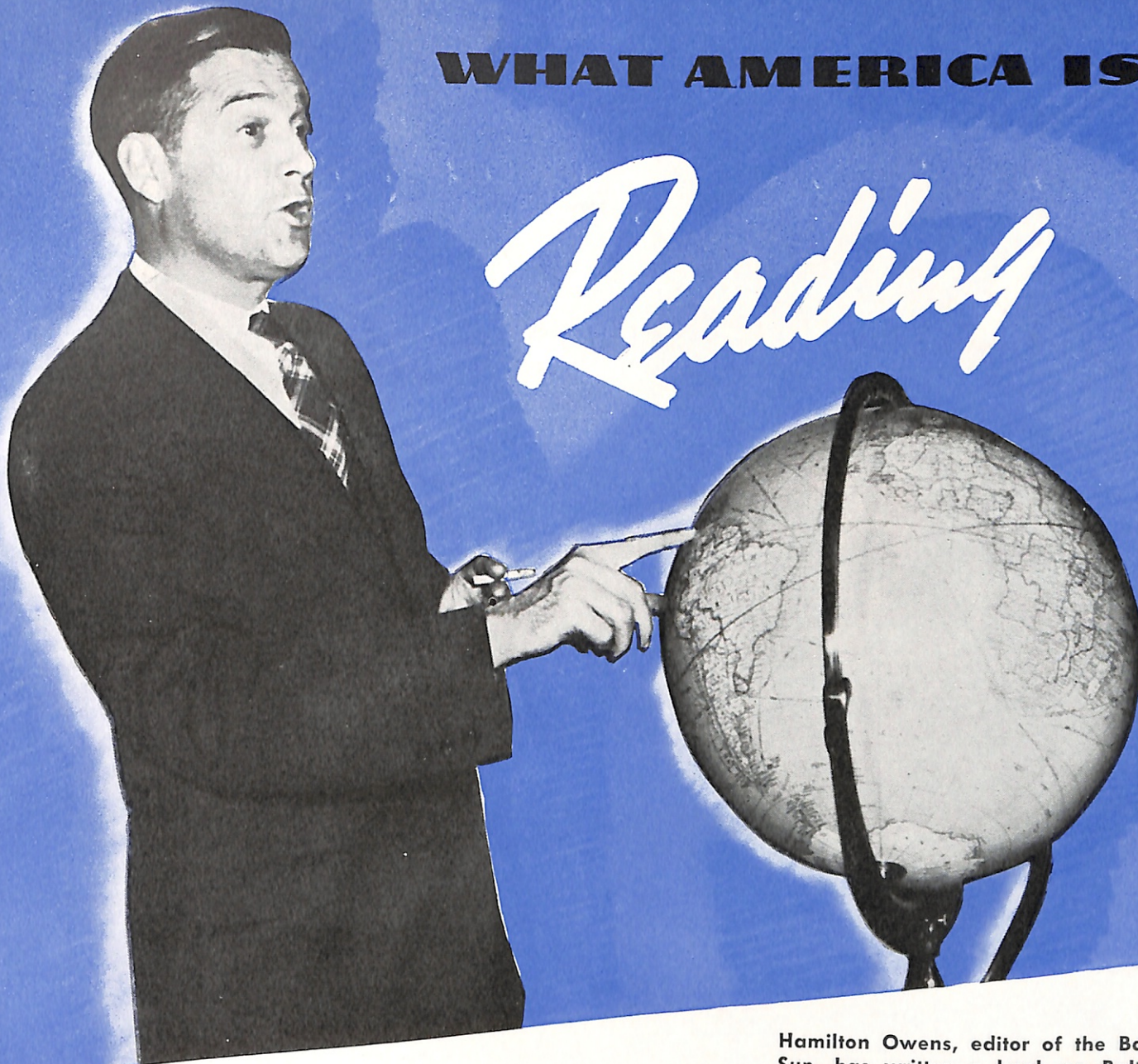
## Read 'Em and Win





# WHAT AMERICA IS

## Reading



Hamilton Owens, editor of the *Baltimore Sun*, has written a book on Baltimore's history, "Baltimore on the Chesapeake".

By Harry Hansen

**S**TORIES that stand the test of time deserve rereading—but many of us are too busy to look them up. That's why I like to open books that reprint, in one volume, many fine writings that originally were issued in separate volumes. The very fact that they are now available in one book shows that a good editor has made the selections. Books of this kind have been prepared in the past by Carl van Doren, Alexander Woollcott and Edward Weeks, and if you took advantage of them you know how useful and valuable they have been to you. The latest of these books departs from the usual formula of a collection of stories with an editor's introduction and substitutes a personally conducted tour. It is called "Reading I've Liked", and in it Clifton Fadiman, known the country over as the witty and peppery interrogator of "Information, Please!" presents fifty stories, extracts from novels, essays and articles, with his views about each, together with informal comment on reading and reviewing, out of his experience of

twenty years. This comment is akin to an intellectual biography, for Mr. Fadiman tells how he learned to read, what books interested him most, and how he has disciplined himself as a reviewer and publisher's editor to pronounce judgment on books and manuscripts in the last twenty years. The great virtue of this commentary is that it is not stuff for insiders, for his colleagues of the profession, but gives the public a clear idea of this business of choosing books. It might be called the informal opposite of Mortimer J. Adler's lectures on the classics in "How to Read a Book", which Mr. Fadiman also admires. But it seems to me that the introductions for the individual stories in this book have a candor and an honesty that make them remarkable. The incisive manner in which Mr. Fadiman reviews books for the *New Yorker* is here displayed. Here is a man without literary pretence, who deals with the living message in books. In half a dozen passages he tells you why authors often immensely popular are not important to lit-

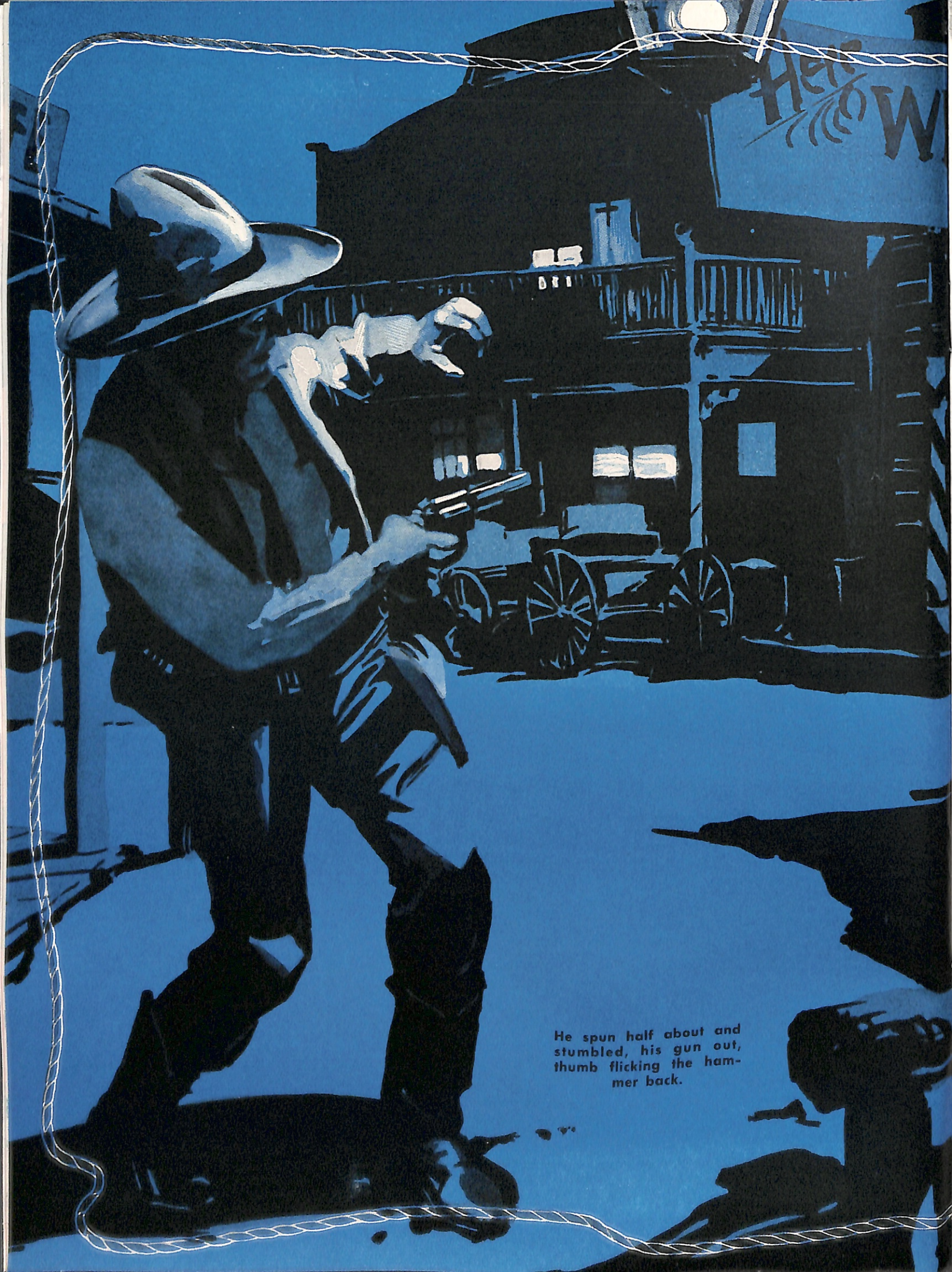
erature, why some simply written books are great and other elaborately written books are merely entertaining. Thus his own judgments are most valuable to the reader who finds, to his delight, that this book also includes stories and articles by Thomas Mann, Alexander Woollcott, Eve Curie, John Dos Passos, W. Somerset Maugham, Ring Lardner, Ernest Hemingway, John Steinbeck, Max Beerbohm, Donald Culross Peattie and even Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. There are nearly 1,000 pages in this book and yet it is not difficult to handle. (Simon & Schuster, \$3)

What do you know about detective stories? Name the detectives suggested by the following phrases or thoughts: "Oh, my aunt!" "I have a criminal mind." "I'm the Old Man!" "Little gray cells." "Two and two make four, not some of the time but all of the time." "There is such a thing as being too profound."

What famous detective was known only by his first name? By his last name? What famous detective had

(Continued on page 50)





He spun half about and  
stumbled, his gun out,  
thumb flicking the ham-  
mer back.



# High Horse

**The old laws were Brant's laws. It was hard for him to realize that the ways of men change. The West was growing up.**

**by Van Cort**

IT WAS with grim satisfaction that Brant watched his men haze the herd of two-year-olds into the railroad pens. Black Cloud danced, impatient and nervous under him, the big animal as ever giving the impression of waiting for a chance to throw its master. Brant's cigar was chewed to a frazzle and what was left of it protruded from his willful jaw at an acute upward angle.

Lee Ormstung regarded that cigar with a half-smile as he reined in beside the big man, his gelding keeping warily clear of the stallion. He put a touch of surprise into his voice, "Thought you weren't shipping till next month, Tom?"

Brant took the cigar from his mouth and pointed beyond the dust from the roaring pens toward the southwestern horizon. "Tompkins," he said.

Far away, out of the sea of stubborn bunch grass, where the heat shimmered crazily, stood a light grey billow of a cloud, barely perceptible of movement. Ormstung nodded, his odd, smoky-blue eyes again taking in the quickly filling pens and the single string of cars on the end of the single track line. Young Ben Tompkins, ambitious late-comer to Rocky Valley, would find the only train gone and no other to be had for at least two weeks, when he reached town with his herd. Meanwhile the beef-market was overstocked and prices dropping fast. He was in debt to his ears, so they said, and there was no turning back to graze either, for his range was by now bone-dry and used up. Brant had thrown that unexpected herd of his into town with fine timing. Ungenerous amusement came to the poker-faced Norseman's ruddy-tan countenance. "Neat, Tom," he said dispassionately. "Very neat. This should show our young friend where to get off, all right."

"Guess so," Brant said and swung the horse about. "Seeing you're in town I'll buy you that drink. This dust is dam' near choking me. Hey, Gleason!" he called his foreman,

who passed just then. "Any trouble, send for me at Tucker House!"

Gleason flicked the sweat from his chin. "Another hour an' they'll be rolling, Mr. Brant."

"And, Gleason," Brant called as the other turned away. "Get the boys out of town as soon's they're through. They can do their drinking over at Langford."

The foreman looked indeed sorry he had heard; he wheeled his horse back and pretended to blink uncomprehendingly. "But, Mr. Brant, the boys kind of depended . . . I mean in case the Tompkins crowd wants to start anything . . . would it look so good for the Box B to be backing down?"

"I'm depending on you to get them out!"

Gleason had another look at the boss' face. "All right, Mr. Brant," he said and rode off.

"Kind of hard on your men," Ormstung chuckled in his dry way.

Brant guffawed. "I just want to trim that slick-ear a bit. He's getting a little too big for his britches; but I don't want any foolish killing."

Ormstung chuckled again. "Nothing like trimming them in time, is there, and trimming them right?"

Something about Ben Tompkins had annoyed Brant from the start and his dislike for the younger man had been as instant as a chemical reaction. Perhaps it was his youthful cocksureness or the fact that he did not tender Brant the awe-struck respect he was used to getting from others; perhaps he subconsciously sensed ambitious and formidable competition. Tompkins was tough and go-getting; the kind of man who seemed to welcome obstacles, and the fact that Brant was the biggest man in Rocky Valley and his word practically law did not apparently interest him. Little was known about him, other than that his neighbor, Tim Hanford, had vouched for him. He had come into the valley driving a maverick herd which he had "scraped up" here and there.

In the two years he had been there he had done well; a little too well, some people thought. Some very smooth outfit had for a long time successfully been trimming various herds in the county. Well, one could put two and two together. But when the talk had run loudest, old Tim Hanford had brought Tompkins to the council meeting and the young man had at once raised his voice out of turn among those of older men. He had loudly proposed that it would be better if every man looked sharper after his own cattle than being content to leave that to just one agency; meaning the law.

Brant, presiding as usual, had resented his presence and had made up his mind then and there to put this upstart in his place, and he was carefully covering his immediate personal feelings with the cloak of righteousness, somewhat to his own surprise.

A distance from the hotel he found an empty rail for Black Cloud and the two men walked the last fifty yards to Tucker House. As they were outside Larrabee's saloon, one of those abrupt and inexplicable lulls, that sometimes occur at a crowded dinner table, happened to the street. Only one voice, seeming unnecessarily loud in the quiet, carried out to the two men as Brant halted to light a fresh cigar.

"All I can say is . . . with this beef-stealing combine trying to clean out the country you'd think the mighty Brant would be smart enough to lose some cattle too . . . damned funny, ain't it?"

Ormstung winced slightly and sucked on his lip as he looked at Brant. The quick rise of voices subsided like water out of a bottomless tub as Brant, with a violent creak and slap of the swing door, stepped inside. A young, freckle-faced cowhand at the bar turned slowly to face him.

"Garner," said Brant too calmly. "either qualify or eat that remark." He saw only Garner in his complete



indifference to the rest of the crowd. The younger man said nothing, though it appeared for a second that he was on the verge of bursting out into speech. A surge of wild defiance mingled with some fear in his glance as he tried to get over the surprise. Behind Brant, Lee Ormstung stood easy against the door jamb, an unreadable expression on his face; his hand, as if by mere coincidence resting on the butt of his gun.

"Well?" said Brant.

"Anyhow it looks like it stung," managed Garner at last through taut lips. "The remark stands."

Brant sprang suddenly, unexpected-

there, Tom," he said quietly.

Colonel Joe Tucker beckoned them from a corner of the hotel's dining room where he was drinking iced whiskey sour. He motioned them to sit down while old white-haired Buck, the colored servant, filled two glasses.

edly forward, and with a lightning blow to the side of the head struck Garner down like a felled steer. In the next instant he bent over and lifted the man up by belt and shirt-front, and with one apparently effortless heave threw him over the bar. Garner out of sight among the clatter of broken glass, Brant turned his back and strode out, resuming his walk toward Tucker House as if nothing had happened.

He stopped before the hotel door to finish lighting the cigar and Ormstung said, "Maybe that was foolish, Tom."

Brant shrugged stubbornly. He had always been like that. Strike down and strike hard at the first sign of opposition. Keep them in respect. That was not very subtle; but then, he had never been meant for subtleness. He had won his way by force of swiftness; by always being personally there, always first. He was a born cock-o'-the-roost and he had never had to crow much. Now, looking at Ormstung's expression, something made him say, "Now what in hell would make a man like Garner drop a loco remark like that?"

Lee's shoulders rose and sank, his long narrow hands underlining the blankness of his face. "You got me

In the next instant he lifted the man by belt and shirt-front and, with a heave, threw him over the bar.

Illustrated by  
George Howe





railroad made possible for him.

"What's the matter, Colonel?"

"In a way I wish I hadn't bought it." Joe Tucker looked up at last and fastened his mild but steady old eyes on Brant. "I didn't know young Tompkins was bringing in his herd. I'm all bought up right now and the market is on the way down...." The glance became distant. "He'll lose his shirt."

There was a little silence, then Brant said, "I figured he would."

"So you jockeyed herds with him.... You're a hard man, Tom."

"Maybe hardness got me where I am." That sounded like bravado, but a certain irritation made him say it.

The older man suddenly shrugged. "And where are you, Tom?" He remembered when Brant owned little beyond a saddle, a rope and a pair of spurs; had seen him work himself up a string of cattle, saving, trading, breeding, living on the bare ground, his home a campfire. There was much to admire in Brant, who was never licked, never admitted defeat and forever wanted to expand; but in some ways he seemed too hard; he never backed down, no matter what the issue, even when proven wrong; and the old man sometimes suspected that Brant was afraid of backing down. It seemed as though he forever had to be the fellow who made good and could never quite outgrow that. Brant, who must of necessity ride a stallion.

Now, Ormstung was a horse of a different color. Where Brant was blunt and boisterous, Lee was quiet and forceful; a man hard to read, who had his own purposes and never seemed to express but part of his opinions. While he was always willing enough to see another man's point and talk his language he usually ended up by quietly getting his own way. In Rocky

Valley he was second only to Brant in importance. Brant's presence anywhere was a start, a shock; Ormstung's a slow, penetrating consciousness. They made an odd team, Tucker often considered; maybe a good team, like powder and bullet; but Ormstung had to be Brant's shadow... and perhaps he was a hungry shadow. It was Brant who spoke up, Brant who commanded, Brant who got the last word.

Brant now let out a roar of laughter, then suddenly quit and took a deep pull on his drink. First Garner, now Tucker. "I have the better beef," he said. "I'm the better man.... I'm always the better man.

This is still the survival of the fittest, Joe, and to hell with the rest."

"Seems that way," said Ormstung and drank.

"Tompkins has been trying hard," said Tucker.

"Too hard," said Brant. "He's been diverting my water and encroaching on my summer range when I told him to stay off... he thought he and his shoestring outfit got away with it. He's finding out different."

"It was free range once," said Tucker pointedly. "And a young man like Tompkins doesn't stay off because he's told."

"This stealing that's taking hold of the country," inserted Ormstung now, toying with his drink. "It's getting to be too damned much. Tompkins," he added suddenly. "What do we really know about him?"

Tucker set his glass down sharply and looked from one to the other. "I hear you talking, Lee."

Ormstung spoke again, "Time something was done about it. Why don't we have Tyler deputize some extra men to investigate. The county can afford the expense."

"Tyler?" grunted Tucker with a dash of contempt. "In my day we had sheriffs who were sheriffs around here."

This was a sore point—Tyler being an old ex-foreman of Brant's. Brant stood up suddenly and emptied his glass. Ormstung rose with him slowly.

"I hear Tompkins was planning to get married," said Tucker irrelevantly.

Brant stood momentarily looking down at the old man. He shook his head in irritation. There was something in the wind that he could not quite get the scent of. "Now, that's too bad," he said. "That's really too bad." He went out followed by Lee.

Walking through the bar he said to Ormstung, "Joe's drinks are getting a little too thin for my taste. Come, I'll buy you a real one." And men at once made room for them at the bar.

They stood over their drinks for a while, Colonel Joe being heavy on Brant's mind. Ormstung said good-naturedly, "Tucker's turning into an old woman, Tom. It's that wife of his." He chuckled. "An old wolf losing its bite... taking up for Tompkins like that...."

Brant said at length, "On the other hand he may be right about Tyler."

Lee's eyes narrowed, but his voice was casual. "Maybe he figures, Tom, where there's cattle there'll always be cattle-thieves. I reckon you can't get around that any more'n you can shoo away flies with molasses. I have a hunch Hank's doing his best."

Brant studied the bottom of his glass. "Maybe," he said. "Maybe not." Perhaps Tyler was too easy-going. Strange to say, he had never thought much about it; it had been another feather in his cap more than anything else, to have his old foreman elected to office. He had always

(Continued on page 42)

"Hot as hell," said Tucker.

Brant wiped the dust from his lips before he drank. "They'll be rolling soon. As nice a shipment of beef as you ever bought, Joe.... Well, here's destruction to my foes!"

He put his glass down and saw that Tucker had not raised his but was slowly spinning it on the table before him. Colonel Joe was one of Rocky Valley's pioneers. Well in his sixties now, the years were putting weight on him. He had fought Indians, had had a large part in bringing in the railroad and was now topping off an active life by amassing a neat fortune in the cattle-buying monopoly that his share in the



**Mr. Faust goes on about how to feed your pooch—he's pretty choosy too.**

**T**HERE'S nothing like meeting friends you haven't seen in a long time and this may explain why it was so late in the afternoon when we telephoned.

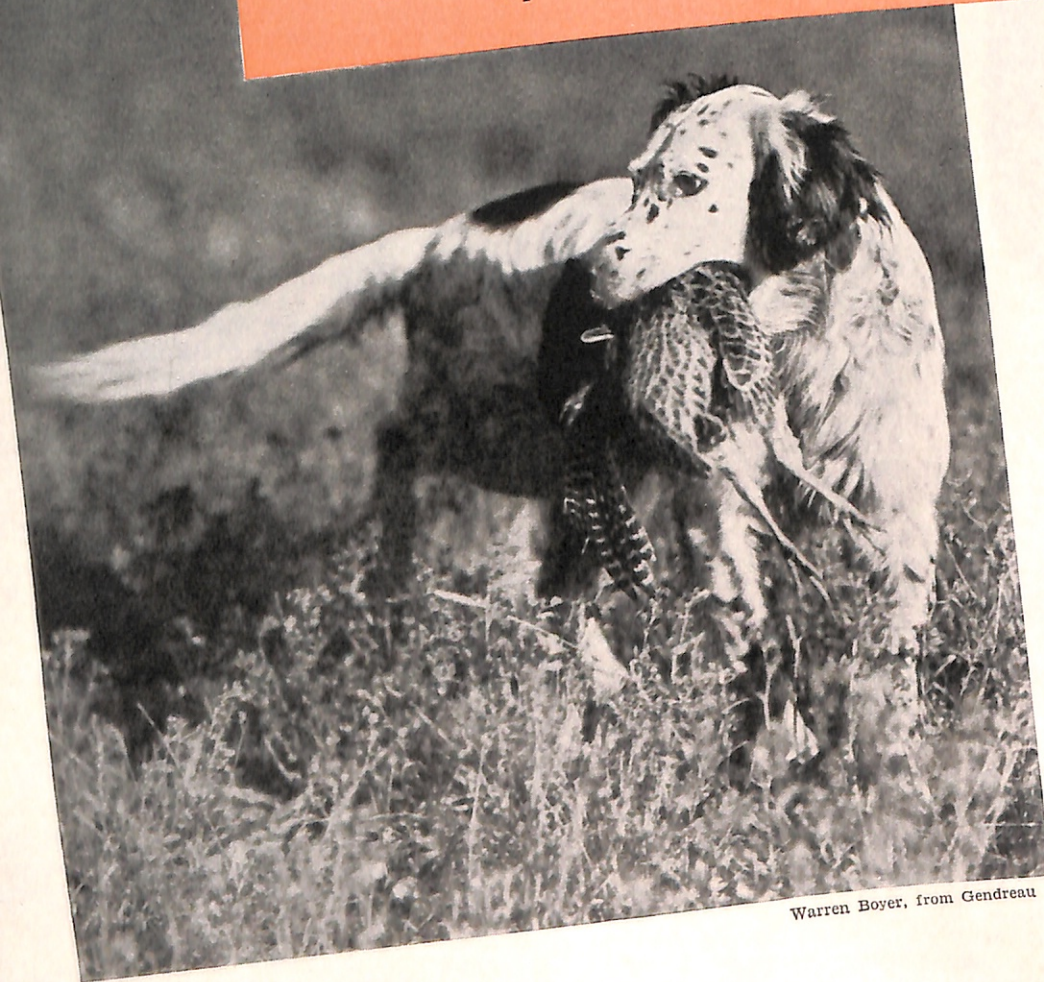
"Hello, that you Dos?" we asked. "Any mail? No? Good, that means no bills. I'm hustling to get the five-seventeen and look, dear. . . What?

I'll have time to prepare anything and besides all the stores are closed out here and all I have is last night's roast beef and why did you wait until the last minute to let me know and I have some clams on ice. Who is he?"

"Hold on, this guy eats anything.

# Your DOG

By Edward Faust



Warren Boyer, from Gendreau

Yes, I said *dear*. What's unusual about that? I did NOT. Not a drop, so help me! What I was going to was, I mean was I going to say I . . . I'm bringing a gentleman home for dinner."

"Well, this is a fine time of the day to let me know. How do you think

Not a bit particular. Who? Oh, you don't know him. I know his folks pretty well. You'll like him. Wait and see. Ah, that's better. Swell."

Come train-time a few minutes later and a bare half-hour after that we were climbing into our car at the home station.

"Where's your friend?", the lady asked as she shifted into first.

"He'll be along on the next train, and by the way I remembered to buy a new shade for that living room lamp," we said stowing away a box on the back seat.

"Good, that gives me more time to get ready and you can shake up a few martinis when he arrives."

"That wouldn't do at all. He's a teetotaler."

"So much the better. More for us and, well, I did the best I could on such short notice," the lady said with a sigh of satisfaction. Here's what you'll get. First, a few Cherry-stones. . . "

"Whoa, he doesn't eat clams. At least I never heard of him eating any."

"All right, then, we'll eat 'em and then go into the soup and from there to the artichokes."

"Architokes? Did I hear you say articokes? I mean art . . . you know what I mean."

"Yes. Why?"

"He'll give those the green light. Won't eat 'em, I know."

"Is that so?"

"Yep."

"Huh! Well, anyway, I'm serving the beef cold with mixed pickles."

"Fine, but nix on the picks."

"May I ask why?"

"He never touches spicy food. His friends told me."

"Is THAT so? Maybe he won't eat corn on the cob and that's just what I'm having."

"Oh darnit," we said. "He won't or can't, I'm sure."

"Say, what kind of a fellow is this friend of yours, a food faddist? You said he wasn't particular and he'd eat anything. Maybe you meant anything but food."

"Take it easy. I did mean that he wasn't very choosy."

"Wasn't very choo. . . Wasn't very CHOOSEY! My goodness and what not! I'm serving cucumber salad with wine vinegar and don't you dare tell me he won't eat that."

"You can try him on the cucumbers but lay off the vinegar. If he eats the cucumbers I'll buy you a new bonnet."

We were then rounding the corner of the road straightening away to our house as our companion said with considerable warmth, "For two pins and if you could reach him I'd phone or wire him to eat in the city and here I have the table nicely set with flowers and all and I've worked and slaved and you might just as well have invited that lamp shade you bought to dinner."

The words were no sooner said than from the box on the back seat there issued a weird assortment of squeaks accompanied by a scratching, scrambling sound. With a final tremendous wiggle our lamp shade poked its head from the top of the box.

"A dog," wailed the lady, "and after all I've said to you about not getting one—for years and years!"

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# Red AND Gun



**Mr. Trullinger says that a real love of wildfowling is like two left feet—you gotta be born with both of 'em.**

## By Ray Trullinger

**A** REAL love for wildfowling is inherited. Either you're born with it or you're not. There might be a few "made" duck hunters among the million-odd who annually exchange a frogskin for a Federal duck stamp, but if there are this observer never has tabbed one.

Show me a gent who thinks duck hunting the best of all powder burning sports, who only lives from October to December and who'll brave pneumonia, chilblains and his wife's nagging to follow the sport of his heart; show me a lad who's fussy about decoys, retrievers and close-shooting shotguns and I'll show you a chap with duck hunting ancestors hanging from the family tree. Wildfowling don't get that way by accident.

Sad to relate, however, this typically American sport is degenerating into a sorry travesty of a once noble and hairy-chested game. Today, except in those all too few remaining out-of-the-way places, wildfowling has been commercialized, regulated and regimented to a point where little of its oldtime glory remains. Everything has been cut and dried; gunning savvy no longer counts. Any goof can kill ducks, provided he has money enough to pay the freight. The following, I sincerely believe,

will clearly illustrate my point:—

Last season I did considerable shooting on a famous southern goose and duck wintering ground. My partner and I gunned from several licensed stake blinds, and enjoyed what the modern-day hunter would describe as "marvelous shooting"; There were times when, after we'd killed our limits of fat Canadas, the blind was surrounded by a hundred or more geese while other flocks winged past our rig at snipe load range. And along with the geese we killed fair bags of ducks. But as good as this shooting was it left me cold, and this is why:—

It was too regulated, too artificial and far too commercial. Everything was done for us. Aside from an ability to hit decoying birds, nothing was required of the shooter except the guide's fee. Daily we met him a few minutes before 7 a.m., and, along with other gunning guides and their "sports", barked across the sound in a flotilla of fast gas boats to the aforementioned stake blinds. Fortunately, our man had three or four locations, which gave us something of a choice, depending on wind conditions. But once at the blind and rigged out, there we stayed for the rest of the day.

If nothing came our way for hours, as sometimes happened, there was no shifting to a nearby point, over which might be pouring a steady

stream of birds. There were no impromptu prowls through nearby tidelands—the tidelands were closed to us. Daily we missed an hour of the morning's best gunning because of a guides' agreement not to leave the dock for the shooting grounds until 7 a.m. It took an hour to get there and rig out.

As the season progressed, birds became more wary. You could still kill a goose limit with a little luck, but those feathered smarties, the blacks, sprigs and widgeon, gave our conspicuous stake blind a wide berth, and there wasn't a thing you could do about it—at least legally. Some days we sat for hours and watched ducks wing over a nearby island. It would have been a simple matter to row over, squat on a shell box and knock a few of 'em down as they zipped by. But we couldn't do that, it was against the law.

Three hundred yards in another direction black ducks fed along the margin of a large marsh almost every day. They'd drop in there by twos and threes, feed a while and wing off again. Had it been legal for us to leave our licensed blind, row over and build a hide in the grass, we would have enjoyed grand sport on days when nothing flew our way out on the open water. We had to abide by a set of regulations which eliminated the possibility of intelli-

*(Continued on page 55)*



# Elks National Foundation Scholarship Contest



**T**HE Elks National Foundation Trustees announce that Two Thousand Dollars in scholarship awards will be distributed at the 1942 Grand Lodge Convention. This nation-wide contest for the "Most Valuable Student" prize awards is of interest to the students of every community who are leaders in their respective schools and colleges. Our contests for the past eight years have made it possible for many superior young students to continue their college courses under favorable circumstances. Our prize offer this year is as follows:

First Prize.....	\$600
Second Prize.....	500
Third Prize.....	400
Fourth Prize.....	300
Fifth Prize.....	200

## Eligibility

Any student in the senior or graduating class of a high or preparatory school, or in any undergraduate class of a recognized college, who is a resident within the jurisdiction of the Order, is eligible to enter this contest.

## Merit Standards

Scholarship, citizenship, personality, leadership, perseverance, resourcefulness, patriotism, exceptional courage and any notable action or distinguishing accomplishment are the criteria by which the applicants will be judged.

## Applications

*The Foundation Trustees do not furnish application blanks nor do they insist upon any special form of application or presentation. They prefer that each applicant use his own ingenuity in presenting his case. Experience has shown that the interests of the applicant are advanced and the time of the Trustees is conserved by neat, orderly, concise and chronological presentation on paper approximately 8½ x 11 (the usual business letter size, bound in the form of a brief or prospectus. Neat heavy paper bindings can be procured at any stationery store.*

We suggest as essential details the following, preferably in the order indicated:

1. Recent photograph of applicant. (Not a snapshot).
2. A statement of not more than 300 words prepared by the applicant in his own handwriting, giving name, address, age and place of birth, and presenting reasons which applicant thinks entitle him to one of the awards.
3. A letter of not over 200 words from a parent or guardian, stating size of family, financial condition and

other facts showing applicant's need of financial assistance to continue in school.

4. A concise statement of applicant's educational history from first year of high or preparatory school to the date of application, supported by school certificates signed by the proper school authority showing the courses taken, the grades received and *the standing of the applicant with relation to other students in the class.*

5. A comprehensive letter of recommendation covering character, personality and scholarship of applicant from at least one person in authority in each school attended.

6. Two or three comprehensive letters of endorsement from responsible persons not related to applicant who have had an opportunity personally to observe applicant and who can give worth-while opinion of the character, industry, purposefulness, disposition and general worthiness of applicant.

7. A letter of endorsement signed by the Exalted Ruler or Secretary of the subordinate lodge in the jurisdiction of which the applicant is resident.

8. Exhibits evidencing notable achievements in dramatics, literature, leadership, athletics or other activities may be attached, but applicant should avoid submitting repetitious accounts of the same aptitude.

Only students of outstanding merit who show a high appreciation of the value of an education and who are willing to struggle to achieve success have a chance to win our awards. Experience indicates that a scholarship rating of B plus or better and a relative standing in the upper ten percent of the applicant's class are necessary to make the group that will be given final consideration for the prizes.

The application must be filed on or before February 1st with the Secretary of the State Elks Association in the State in which the applicant is resident, in order that it may be passed upon and, if approved, come in with the quota of applications from that State and be received by Chairman John F. Malley, 15 State Street, Boston, Massachusetts, not later than March 1, 1942.

The Secretaries of lodges located in the Canal Zone, Alaska and our island possessions are invited to communicate with the Chairman for information concerning their quota allotment.

All communications with respect to the applications subsequent to March 1, 1942, should be addressed to Chairman Malley.

## ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION TRUSTEES

John F. Malley, Chairman  
Raymond Benjamin, Vice Chairman  
Floyd E. Thompson, Secretary  
James G. McFarland, Treasurer  
Edward Rightor  
Charles H. Grakelow  
Murray Hulbert

# CONTEST ENDS MARCH 1, 1942





# "KEEP 'EM FLYING!"

This poster in full color was designed by the nationally famous illustrator John Hyde Phillips, whose covers are popular with the readers of *The Elks Magazine* and *The Saturday Evening Post*. Copies have been sent to every lodge, and additional copies furnished at cost for the use of local defense committees. For particulars, consult your local Defense Chairman.

These are but a few examples showing the enthusiastic manner in which subordinate lodges have adopted the "Keep 'Em Flying" program. Other lodges' activities will be reported in subsequent issues of this magazine.

Every member of the Order is urged to cooperate with his local defense chairman in this important plan of assisting our government in this time of national emergency.

Admission to the Air Corps Cadet training school requires that a young man between the age of twenty and twenty-six inclusive submit credentials of good character with his application, after which he must pass a physical and mental examination.

The pay while in training is \$75.00 per month, plus equipment and maintenance.

Full information regarding all requirements will be sent immediately upon receipt of your request on the coupon below.

Surely there are many young men in your community who will enthusiastically grasp this opportunity. After you have received complete details, talk it over with them. Get in touch with your local lodge Defense Committee Chairman who is now organizing a "refresher course" in your community to assist all candidates who desire to "brush up" on certain subjects required to be passed in the mental examinations.

Do it today—With your help we will have 25,000 candidates by Christmas.

Elks National Defense Commission,  
292 Madison Avenue,  
New York, N. Y.

Please send full information regarding the Elks Flying Cadet Program.

NAME (Print) .....

ADDRESS .....

LODGE .....

NO..... STATE.....

**T**HE Elks "Keep 'Em Flying" program is off to a splendid start.

Atlanta, Ga., Lodge secured from local draft boards the names of all single registrants within the required age limits for Aviation Cadets. The Defense Committee then sent letters to this group and enrolled 21 students in the first "refresher course". A second unit is under way in which 22 students are entered. The Grand Exalted Ruler's lodge was the first in the country to start the plan.

In Pasadena, Calif., September 2nd was named Aviation Cadet Day and the lodge held appropriate ceremonies under Staff Sergeant D. J. Cremens of the local recruiting station.

Arrangements were made by Bloomington, Illinois, Lodge for a traveling Medical Board to visit the town in connection with the program. Ten candidates are now taking the course.

In Richmond, Va., 21 candidates out of 39 successfully passed the preliminary physical and will start their course.

In Tucson, Ariz., an initial meeting was held at which six reels of United States Army motion pictures were shown, and Alameda, Calif., held open-to-the-public meetings at which Major Ernie Smith spoke. Major Smith was the first civilian to make a trans-Pacific flight to Hawaii.

White Plains, N. Y., Lodge has set up a splendid program for "refresher courses" with the cooperation of local educational authorities.





# Editorial

## Singing Sands

WHAT is said to be the largest body of moving sands in the world is located in the state of Colorado. They are known as the "Singing Sands" but why, nobody seems to know, unless it be because of a sound they sometimes give out when shifted by the winds. They carry a gold content estimated from three to ten cents per cubic yard and maybe this causes them to sing in these days when it is not permitted to harbor the precious metal. It would be difficult to enforce this ruling against sand mountains rising as they do from an area of 2500 acres to a height of 1000 feet so that the "Singing Sands" are immune from arrest and punishment for this infraction of Federal Law. In addition, this gold is itself a fine sand, or more accurately speaking, in powdered form and cannot be profitably recovered due to local conditions and the small percentage of value.

These sand dunes are one of the outstanding attractions of the Rocky Mountain region located some thirty-odd miles northeast of the City of Alamosa on the edge of the San Luis Valley. They are buttressed at the foot of the snow-capped Sangre de Cristo Mountain range and with their setting comprise one of the sublime wonders of the great American West. They hold a mystery and sublimity all their own. How many thousands or millions of years they have been forming nobody knows and only geologists can guess. There is little to do beyond accepting them as they are and enjoying them as one of the beauties of nature.

They were first seen by white men in 1599 when Juan de

Zaldivan led his band of conquistadors into this country. Zebulon Pike was amazed when he first viewed them in 1807. Other early explorers were wrapped in wonderment at these mountains of gleaming and moving sands when they first beheld them. They remain today an unsolved mystery to geologists and scientists though explored and examined many times. They attract many tourists, artists, painters and those who seek out the odd and mysterious wrought by the handiwork of Nature.

They have been designated as a National Monument and the roads leading to them are being improved so that they will be easy of access. The sands are restless, constantly moving in their apparent attempt to prevent the encroachment of vegetation in their domain—an attempt which thus far has met with unrestricted success. When journeying through to the West, do not fail to see them along with the other outstanding natural marvels of that section of our country.

## Officers of State Associations

MANY infractions of law are due to ignorance which often is given as an excuse. Ignorance may sometimes be an excuse but it is never a justification where the law is available and easily understood. The laws of the Grand Lodge with reference to State Associations are brief. They can be read in their entirety in ten minutes. They are not complicated and are readily understandable. Every officer of such Associations should be familiar with them. The President should be able to say, without a moment's hesitation, that a proposed motion or resolution is not permissible under Grand Lodge law when it, in fact, is so interdicted. Otherwise, he is not properly discharging the duties of his office by permitting his Association to do an illegal act.

We beg to suggest that the Presidents, in fact, that all officers of State Associations satisfy the Association that they are posted on Grand Lodge statutes before they are elected,





Drawings by John J. Floherty, Jr.

at least that they are versed in those laws applicable to such Associations. This could readily be accomplished by a committee appointed for the purpose which would report to the Association before election.

### The Bill of Rights

A JOINT RESOLUTION has been introduced in the congress of the United States which provides for the observance of December 15 as "Festival of Freedom Day" commemorating the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the ratification of the first ten amendments of the Federal constitution known as the Bill of Rights.

In no period of our history has the Bill of Rights had greater significance and importance in safeguarding the principles of freedom of speech, of the press, of religion and the security of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness throughout our land than the present, when all of these asserted and treasured rights are threatened. The resolution requests the President to issue a proclamation calling on the people appropriately to observe the day by displaying the Flag and holding exercises designed not only to commemorate the day but to foster an era of peace among the nations of the world.

It may seem odd that the Bill of Rights was not a part of the constitution as originally drafted. Its absence was commented on by many of the states and it seems to have been understood that this defect would be remedied by amendments to be submitted presently to the states for ratification. Accordingly the First Congress at its first session submitted to the states amendments which have come to be known as the Bill of Rights expressly stating the rights of individuals and of the states. These amendments became effective as a part of the constitution on being ratified by the states.

It is important that everyone be conversant with the constitution as it is the fundamental law of the land and much is being said about it in these trying days, but it is especially

important that every citizen become conversant with the various provisions of the Bill of Rights. It is not a lengthy document, containing only ten short paragraphs, which should be read and reread until committed to memory.

### An Interesting Opinion

THE Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary recently handed down an opinion regarding the constitution of the Order which is of general interest.

Article III, Section 1 (4) of the Constitution provides that a Past Exalted Ruler shall be one who has served his lodge, if under charter, for a full lodge year as Exalted Ruler, or one who, during period of war, resigned his office and entered the military, naval, hospital or marine service of the United States.

The opinion holds that the words "during period of war", as used in the Constitution, are to be construed as applying to a period of national emergency involving the national defense; and, therefore, that an Exalted Ruler who, during the present period of national emergency, resigns his office to serve in the armed forces, is a Past Exalted Ruler.

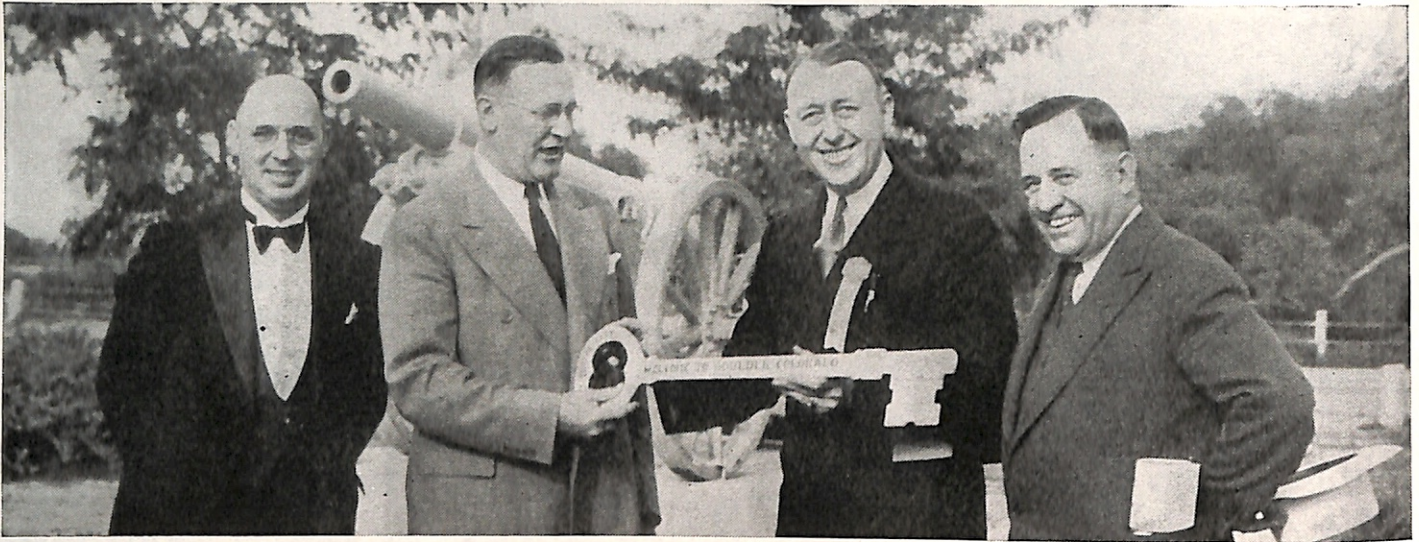
### A Breath of Patriotism

A FRIEND of many years, Dr. James Ball Naylor of Malta, Ohio, grants us permission to print the following from his gifted pen, which we believe will be acclaimed by every Elk as embodying the spirit of our National Defense program:

#### Real Americanism

One country—the best on the face of the earth;  
One people—and true, by adoption or birth;  
One language—unspoken by tyrant or slave;  
One banner—the Flag of the free and the brave.  
From ocean to ocean, from valley to crag:  
One country—one people—one language—one Flag.





Above: Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland receives the key to the city of Boulder, Colo. At extreme right is Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen.

## GRAND EXALTED RULER'S *Visits*

**E**N ROUTE to the District Deputy Conference at Bedford, Va., Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland stopped off for a brief visit to one of the Order's newest lodges, Gastonia, N. C., Lodge, No. 1634. A representative delegation of Gastonia Elks, including E.R. John C. Roberts and P.E.R. William Conn, was present to welcome the

distinguished visitors. Accompanying Judge McClelland were his executive secretary, Tom Brisendine, of East Point, Ga., Lodge, H. O. Hubert, Jr., Decatur, Pres. of the Ga. State Elks Assn., Special Deputies W. M. Frasor, Blue Island, Ill., A. W. Jeffreys, Herrin, Ill., J. Clayton Burke, Atlanta, Ga., and Roderick M. McDuffie, of East Point

Lodge, and P.D.D. J. Bush, Athens, Ga. Gastonia Lodge has acquired an attractive new home and the building and its appointments were greatly admired by the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party.

On Sunday, August 17, Judge McClelland drove from the Elks National Home to the beautiful farm of Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, at Hendersonville, N. C., where he was delightfully entertained. The next day he attended the meeting of the North Carolina State Elks Association at Asheville, N. C., where he was introduced by Mr. Sholtz and made a brief talk on his program for the year. Among those in attendance were State Pres. Clyde E. Glenn, of Durham, D.D.'s Raymond Fuson, New Berne, and C. C. Oates, Hendersonville, Past Pres. P. C. Smith, High Point, and Vice-Pres. J. Y. Jordan, Jr., Asheville, who was Chairman of the Convention. That evening, a banquet honoring the Grand Exalted Ruler was held at the George Vanderbilt Hotel, and he addressed an enthusiastic crowd of more than 200 Elks and their ladies on what the Order of Elks is doing to make the American public defense conscious. After the banquet, dancing was enjoyed in the ballroom.

On August 20, the Grand Exalted Ruler participated in the institution of the Order's newest lodge, Cedartown, Ga., No. 1644, the 13th new lodge in his home State in four years.

On Sunday, August 24, Judge McClelland arrived in Denver, Colorado, where he was met by a large number of Colorado Elks, headed by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen of Sterling Lodge, P.E.R. Judge Henry S. Lindsley,



At left: Judge McClelland presents a copy of the "Keep 'Em Flying" poster to Colonel Edward Roth, Jr., Chief of the Recruiting Division for the U. S. Army Air Corps in Chicago. Governor Dwight H. Green looks on with approval. The original of this "Uncle Sam" poster was presented to President Roosevelt by the Elks National Defense Commission. It is the only poster used in the Recruiting Campaign that did not originate within the Army's Public Relations Office. It was used as a cover on the February, 1941, issue of this Magazine.



Right are Judge H. S. Lindsley, P.E.R.; D.D. Robert W. Harvey; Judge McClelland; E.R. William Edwards, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, shown at a luncheon given by Denver, Colo., Lodge.



Lower right: Judge McClelland is shown with prominent Pennsylvania Elks as they were photographed during his visit to Pottsville, Pa., Lodge. Directly behind the Judge is F. J. Schrader, Assistant to the Grand Secretary.



Denver, Past Grand Esquire Jacob L. Sherman, Denver, D.D. Robert W. Harvey, Idaho Springs, E.R. William W. Edwards, Denver, Captain James Pitt who led the motorcade escort, and officers, trustees and members of Denver Lodge No. 17. An informal reception was held at the lodge home. A tour of the city was then made, taking in the beautiful homes of Mr. Coen and Judge Lindsley. A luncheon, tendered the Grand Exalted Ruler by the members of No. 17, followed at the Denver Athletic Club. Judge McClelland and his party, joining the motorcade made up of members of Denver Lodge, then drove to Boulder, Colo., where they were met at the city limits by Frank C. Holitza, E.R. of Boulder Lodge No. 566, and Mayor Frank Thurman. The Mayor, who was chairman of the Convention Committee and is a Past Exalted Ruler of the local lodge, presented Judge McClelland with a key to the city. An informal reception was held in the lodge home, and in the evening a testimonial dinner was given in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler. Mr. Holitza presided as Toastmaster. A musical program was furnished by Professor Alex Grant of the Colorado School of Music. On Monday, the 25th, the Grand Exalted Ruler attended a meeting of the Colorado State Elks Association at which he was introduced by Mr. Coen. That afternoon Judge McClelland left on the streamliner, City of Denver, for Chicago, where he transferred to a TWA liner for Harrisburg, Pa., en route to Pottsville where the Pennsylvania State

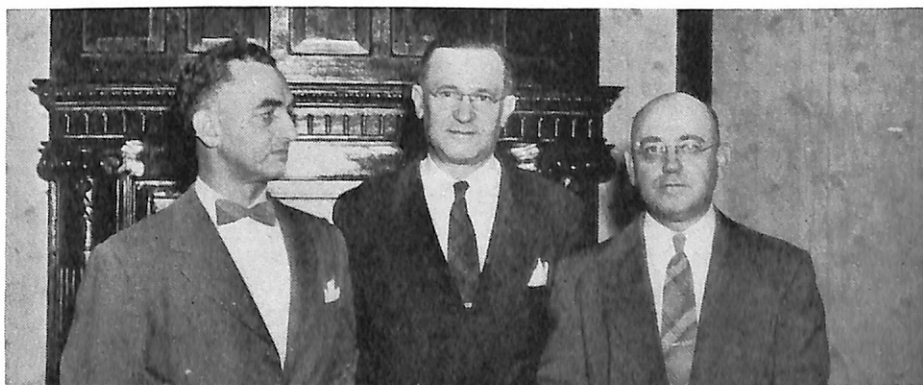
Elks Association was holding its annual convention. Nearly 4,000 Elks were assembled in Pottsville and the Grand Exalted Ruler was received with enthusiasm and welcomed by a distinguished group of high officials. He participated in the impressive Memorial Services held by the Association and was a guest at the dinner given by Pennsylvania Elks Northeast District Association. Judge McClelland delivered one of his most inspiring ad-

resses during his visit and also outlined the planned program of the Grand Lodge for the ensuing year.

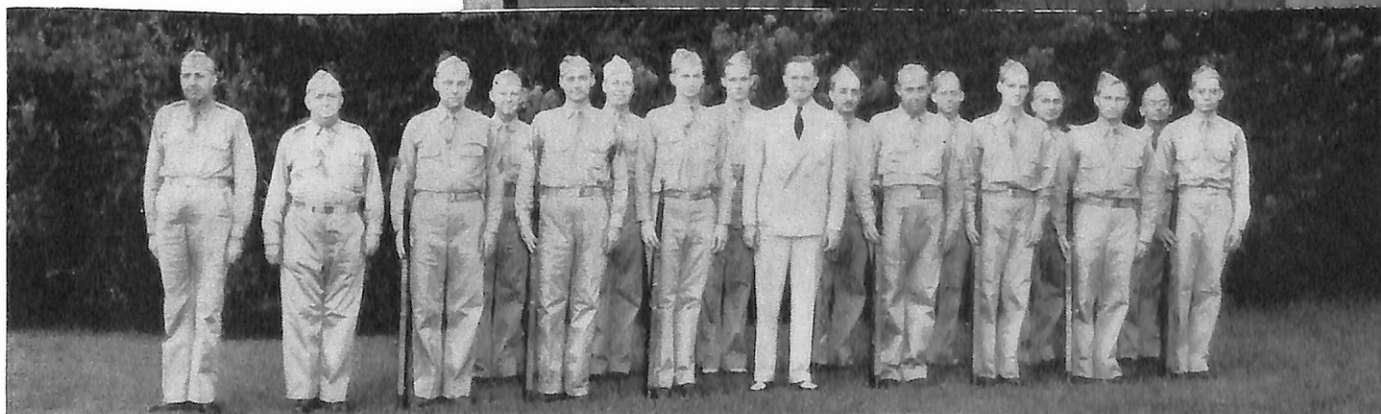
On Wednesday, August 27, accompanied by F. J. Schrader, of Allegheny Lodge, and Max L. Lindheimer, Williamsport, Past Pres.'s of the Pa. State Elks Assn., Judge McClelland motored to Harrisburg. There the Grand Exalted Ruler boarded an airliner for Cleveland, O. At the Cleveland airport, a special

(Continued on page 54)

At right: Judge McClelland is shown with E.R. John C. Roberts and P.E.R. William Conn, both of Gastonia, N. C., Lodge, when he visited there.



Below: The Grand Exalted Ruler, shown with the Georgia State Defense Corps—Fulton County Unit No. 164—an all-Atlanta Elk unit, organized a year ago.







Above are Colorado Elk officials who were present at the dedication of "Elks Rest", by Denver, Colo., Lodge.

## Under the ANTLERS

### George D. Hastings Is Honored by California Elks at Glendale Lodge

Grand Esteemed Leading Knight George D. Hastings was given a banquet and reception by his lodge, Glendale, Calif., No. 1289, on September 15. Six hundred Elks from various parts of the State, including Grand Lodge, State and District officers, and many Exalted Rulers, the majority from the southern district and some from as far north as San Luis Obispo, assembled in the beautiful home of Glendale Lodge to join in the tribute. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, of Los Angeles Lodge, spoke at the dinner. Robert S. Redington, Los Angeles Lodge, Pres. of the Calif. State Elks Assn., Past Pres.

L. A. Lewis of Anaheim, a former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and Mayor Archie L. Walters, P.E.R. of Glendale Lodge, were speakers at the reception. E.R. Arthur D. Timmons welcomed the guests. P.E.R. William J. Goss, City Councilman, was General Chairman for the evening. Other members of the City Council and heads of several city departments attended. Mr. Hastings is City Commercial Agent. He is a Past Exalted Ruler of Glendale Lodge, and a Past District Deputy for California, South Central.

Mr. Hastings was praised highly for the excellence of his work and leadership which had led to his election to so high an office at the Grand Lodge Convention at Philadelphia, and also for

the honor and distinction the appointment had brought to the lodge and to the city. Climaxing the more solemn portion of the program was the presentation by Mr. Goss to Mr. Hastings of a diamond Elk insignia ring. The diamond was provided by Mr. Hastings' mother and was a keepsake she had had since girlhood.

Entertainment was furnished by the Glendale Elks Quartette, holder of the State championship. A touch of comedy was provided on the program by Captain Jack Young, well known for his striking resemblance to President Roosevelt.

### Carlsbad, N. M., Elks Buy National Guard Armory for Permanent Home

The Elks of Carlsbad, N. M., Lodge, No. 1558, have occupied the armory along with the national guardsmen for a number of years. When they discovered that the erection of a new armory was being agitated in State military circles, provided the sponsor's share of the project could be raised, they immediately offered to buy the building for a lodge home and turn over the purchase price to the State to be used as the sponsor's share.

Shortly afterward, a delegation of Elk officials visited Santa Fe where they conferred with Adjutant General R. C. Charlton, offering \$24,000 for the building. Governor John E. Miles approved the purchase, and a parley with State officials followed. The day after their return to Carlsbad, a telephone call from the Adjutant General confirmed the purchase; the lodge had a handsome new home and construction of a new armory for the city was a certainty. The project was assured unofficially from the date of purchase, and the necessary appropriations have since



Left: Salem, Ohio, Elks present a resuscitator to the city for use of the rescue squad of the local Fire Department.



At right: Boston, Mass., Elks greet a delegation from Shamokin, Pa., Lodge when 65 members visited there.

Lower right are crippled children's banks, donated to Alabama Elks by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch. They are to be placed in business establishments.

been made.

Carlsbad Lodge enjoys the reputation of being one of the most solvent organizations in the city. Many dances and gay parties have been held in the ballroom of the Elks' quarters in the armory. With the rapid growth of the lodge and the broadening scope of its fraternal activities, the added space will be a decided asset.

### Alhambra, Calif., Lodge Sponsors Artistic Program, Open to Public

A program of Spanish Dances, the sixth in a series of summer events put on without charge by the playground department at City Park, was sponsored by Alhambra, Calif., Lodge, No. 1328. E.R. Harry S. Kendrick and Est. Lead. Knight J. D. Breckenridge were in charge of arrangements. One of the largest crowds of the season, estimated at more than 3,000 people, applauded the Raoul De Ramirez artists who presented, among other features, a pageant of dances which included many from the provinces of Old Spain.

### The Elks "Keep 'Em Flying" Plan Is Launched in the N. Y., East, District

On Monday, September 8, one of the Army's newest \$16,000 Recruiting Trailers came to a stop in front of the Municipal Building in White Plains, N. Y. The streets had been cleared by motorcycle police, and all was in readiness for the arrival of the trailer and the reception of its occupants. Four army officers in khaki stepped out, to be greeted immediately by Mayor Chauncey T. S. Fish and the City Fathers, Common Councilman Thomas H. Callahan, P.E.R. of White Plains Lodge No. 535 and District Deputy for New York, East, and Frank X. Briante, Exalted Ruler of White Plains Lodge. The officers welcomed by the Mayor's party were Colonel John F. Daye, District Recruiting Officer; Major W. R. Barnett, District Public Relations Officer, and Lieutenants Frank O'Neill and C. G. Lewis. Officers met city officials as cameras clicked and reporters made notes of the important occasion, while the trailer's public address system provided an appropriate accompaniment in the strains of a



Sousa march. The first aviation cadet secured by an Elk member, Donald Thomas, of White Plains, six feet three, sponsored by D.D. Tom Callahan, also six feet three, was then introduced. Other big men were in the party, as, for instance, the Exalted Ruler, Frank Briante, former New York University fullback who made the All-American and gave Fordham many a "headache". Young Thomas was happy. More than anything else he wants to be an aviation cadet. Working at Bridgeport in defense industry with the Aluminum Company of America, he has been in the Pratt and Whitney motors division.

A meeting between the Elks and the Army officers in the offices of Dr. H. Claude Hardy, Superintendent of Schools, resulted in the assurance by

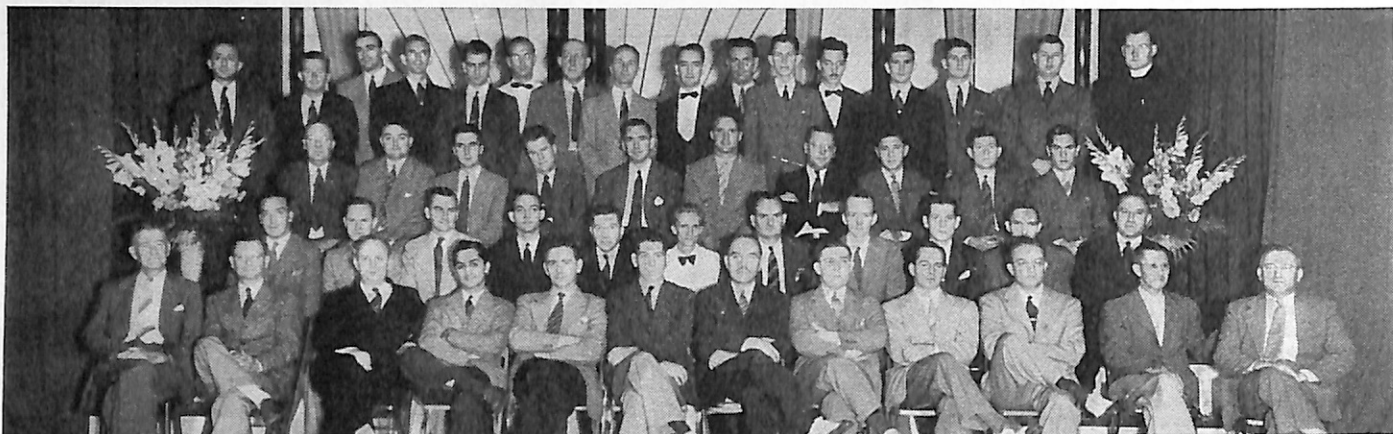
educational authorities that the Elks "refresher courses" would be started as soon as the first unit of twenty young men in the district had applied for and passed their preliminary physical examinations. Mr. Callahan and Mr. Briante next faced the microphone in the studios of the Noel Macy-owned WFAS Broadcasting Company at White Plains, where they chatted over the air with Major W. B. Barnett and reviewed the Elks "Keep 'Em Flying" objectives.

Plans were formulated at the evening meeting held at the lodge home. It was attended by the Exalted Rulers and Defense Chairmen from Yonkers, Mount Vernon, New Rochelle, Peekskill, Port Chester, Mamaroneck, Ossining and Beacon, and officers and members of White Plains Lodge. Among those present was Past Grand Exalted Ruler Major Charles Spencer Hart of Mount Vernon Lodge, who had suggested White Plains for the launching of "Keep 'Em Flying" in the vi-

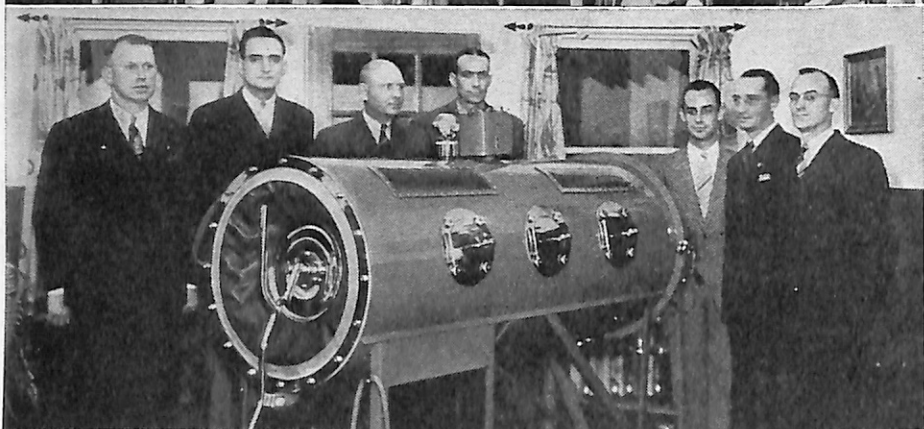
Below is the giant Flag with which Keokuk, Ia., Elks escort to the train the boys who are entering the service of their country.







Above: The "Wade Kepner Class" which was recently initiated into Beckley, W. Va., Lodge in honor of the Grand Trustee.



Above is an "Iron Lung", bought for Coconino County by Flagstaff, Ariz., Lodge, members of which are shown with the Lung.

cinity. Six reels of sound motion pictures, made especially for the United States Army, and dealing with aviation training, were shown. It was announced that the "Keep 'Em Flying" plan would be started in other lodges of the New York East District in the near future.

#### **W. A. Wolff, Distinguished Elk, Passes Away at Rome, N. Y.**

William A. Wolff, of Rome, N. Y., Lodge, No. 96, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, passed away on August 7 at the Rome Infirmary. He was 54 years of age.

Mr. Wolff was elected Exalted Ruler in 1932. Reelected the following year, he was the only Exalted Ruler of Rome Lodge ever to receive that high honor. While he was Exalted Ruler of No. 96, the lodge room, one of the most beautiful in the State, was built. During his service, his outstanding work attracted attention, and in 1935 he was appointed District Deputy for the N. Y. North Central District. He served as a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials in 1937-38 and as Chairman in 1940-41. Mr. Wolff was instrumental in organizing his lodge's Past Exalted Rulers Association. During the depression years, with the late G. W. Jones, he conducted the Elks' charity program, which assumed entire responsibility for food, fuel and clothing for many destitute families. The work was so widely recognized that many local organizations pooled their finances to be administered by the Elks. Also, when the lodge's Emergency Relief Committee was formed, he was called upon to administer its affairs. The nature of the activities were such that Mr. Wolff devoted several hours each day to the work, and without recompense.

Mr. Wolff was born and educated in Rome where he spent his entire life. Although in failing health during the past several years, he persisted in carrying on both his fraternal work and



Above, left, are children of Columbus, Ohio, receiving handicraft prizes offered by Columbus Lodge.

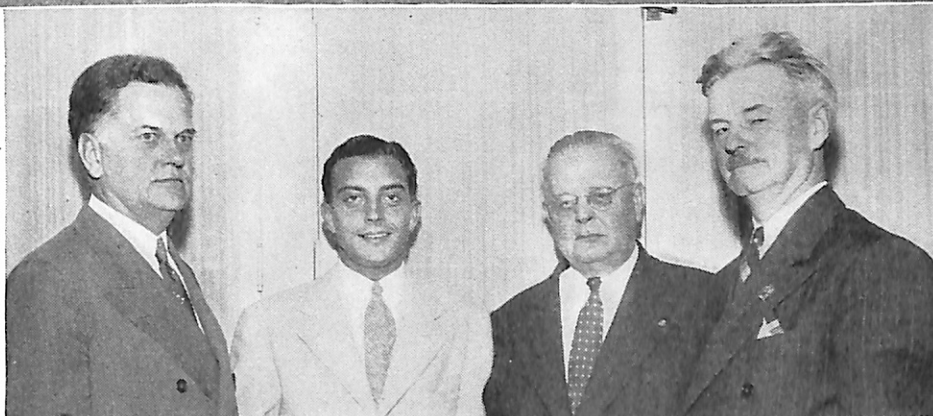
At left are seen Boy Scouts and members of Shreveport, La., Lodge, with aluminum they have collected for National Defense.





Above are members of Troy, Ohio, Lodge, shown with children they recently entertained at a picnic.

Right: Past Grand Exalted Rulers Floyd E. Thompson and Henry C. Warner are shown with P.E.R. Frank P. White, of Oak Park, Ill., Lodge, when he initiated his son, Jack Palmer White, into the Lodge.



his business endeavors. It was while en route to an Elks' dinner in New York on Washington's Birthday that he was stricken on the train. He spent several weeks in a New York City hospital, returning to Rome later for treatment of an old malady. He was successful in the textile business in which he was engaged for many years, was Secretary-Treasurer of the Rome Rayon Corporation and later was made Treasurer of the credit union of Revere Copper and Brass Incorporated.

Surviving Mr. Wolff are a son, Private First Class William J. Wolff who is stationed at Camp Upton, a brother and a sister. In his death, the Order as well as the lodge at Rome, has suffered a distinct loss.

#### **Moonlight Cruise and Party Are Held by Albany, N. Y., Lodge**

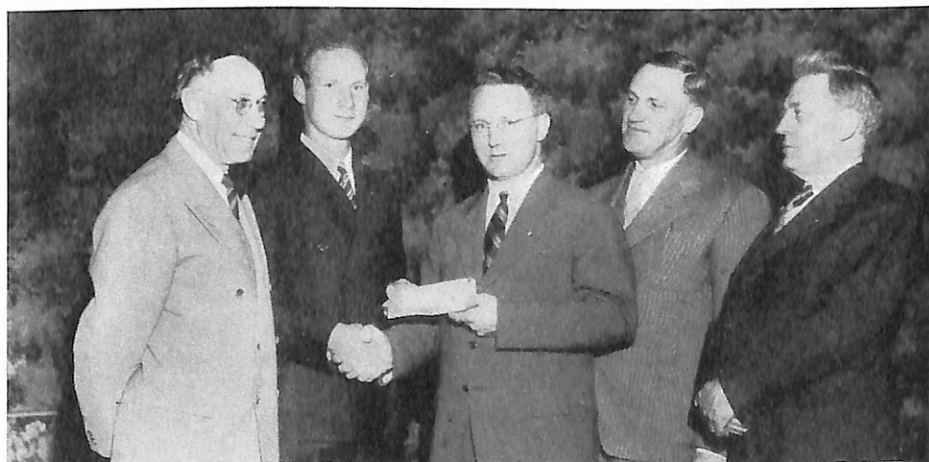
A moonlight cruise on the Hudson was staged a few weeks ago by Albany, N. Y., Lodge, No. 49. The steamer *Alexander Hamilton* was chartered and more than 1,500 Elks and their friends attended. Chairman Joseph W. Koreman was in charge and the party was a great success. When the cruise came to an end, festivities were resumed at the lodge home.

#### **Frank P. White Initiates His Son Into Oak Park, Ill., Lodge**

In a dramatic and unique ceremony, before an audience of more than 400 members of the Order, P.E.R. Frank P. White initiated his son, Jack Palmer White, into Oak Park, Ill., Lodge, No. 1295, exemplifying the Ritual in its entirety and taking all of the parts except a minor one. At the conclusion of the ceremony, Mr. White was given a standing ovation. His remarkable

performance was extolled by the various speakers, one of whom declared that he could rightly be termed a "one-man championship ritualistic team".

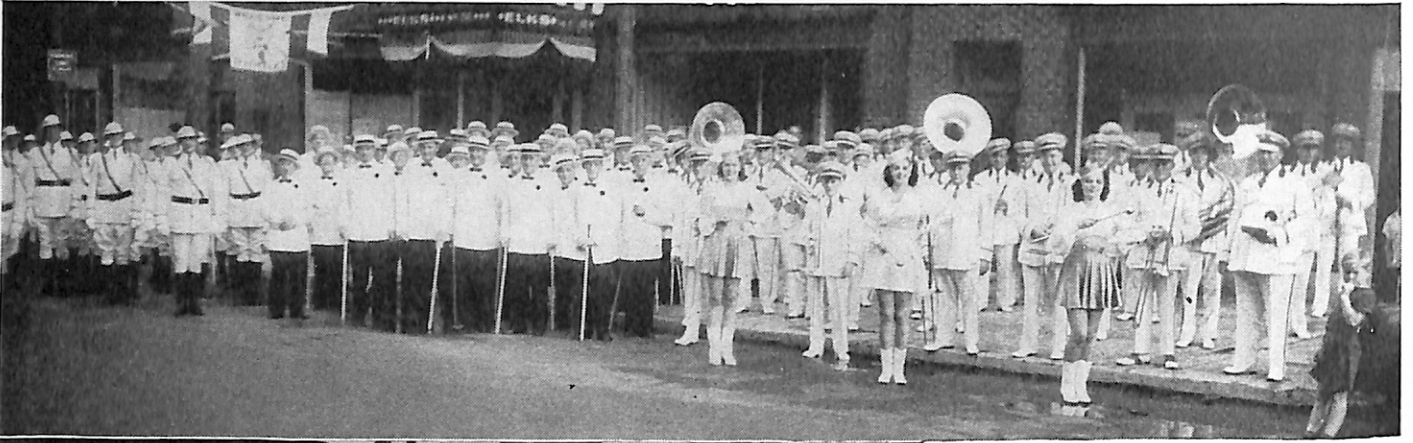
Young Mr. White reached his majority on that day, August 25, and it is believed that this is the first time a young man has been initiated into the Order on his 21st birthday with the



Center, right: Paul Sanazaro receives the Elks National Foundation "Most Valuable Student" award of \$600 at public ceremonies held by Berkeley, Calif., Lodge.

Right: Orphans, for the 23rd consecutive year, entertained by Mobile, Ala., Lodge at an all-day outing.





Above is a picture of the Camden, N. J., Elks Band, Patrol and Marching Club on its way to the National Convention in Philadelphia.



At left is the aluminum which was collected in Greeley, Colo., with the active assistance of Greeley Lodge.

Illinois State Elks Assn., and Past Grand Inner Guard Frank A. Small, St. Joseph, Mich. At the close of the meeting, an elaborate supper was served in the spacious dining room of the lodge home.

Frank P. White is the Executive Secretary of the Illinois State Elks Crippled Children's Commission. For ten years he has been a leader in the splendid work carried on by the Commission.

#### **Children Receive Handicraft Prizes Donated by Columbus, Ohio, Lodge**

Members of Columbus, O., Lodge, No. 37, gave a party at St. Vincent's Orphanage for prize winners and others who attended the seventh annual session of the summer educational school sponsored by the organization's welfare department. Prizes donated by the lodge for best needlework among the girls and best handicraft among the boys were presented to the winners by Colonel Alfred Ballin, a member of No. 37. The fifty girls in the class made dresses and household articles; fifty boys made toys.

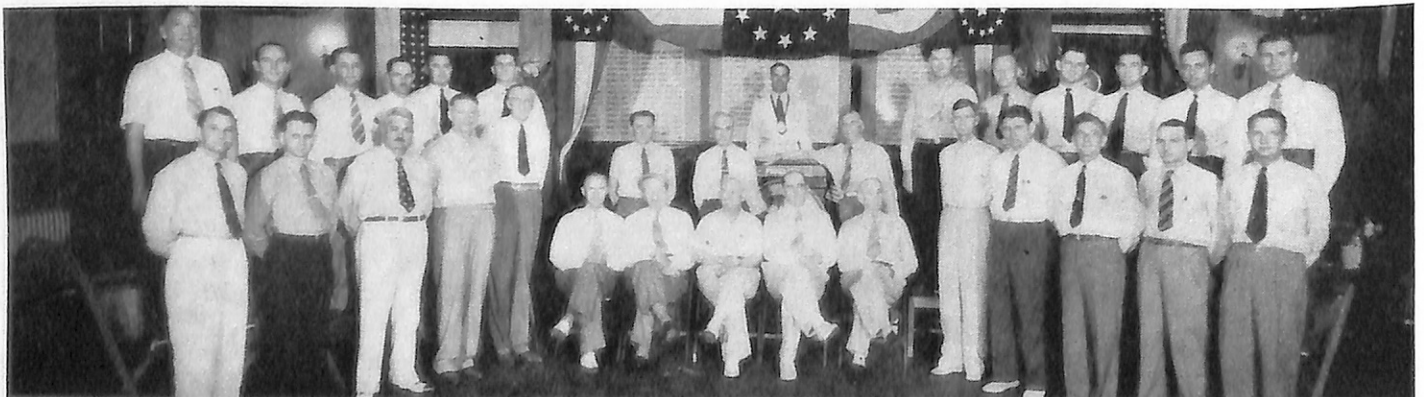
Columbus Lodge fosters a toy department in which are manufactured about 10,000 toys for distribution among poor children every Christmas. It also has a food conservation department that conserves and distributes about \$10,000 worth of food each year among needy families and charitable institutions.

initiation being conducted by one man, his father. On that same evening, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, of Moline, Ill., Lodge, Secretary of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, presented Jack White with a check from the Foundation for \$100, awarded him in the Elks Most Valuable Student Contest. Announcement of his selection for an honorable mention prize was made at the Grand Lodge Convention at Philadelphia. Judge Thompson spoke of his splendid record as a student in grammar and high school and at Northwestern University. In responding, the young man

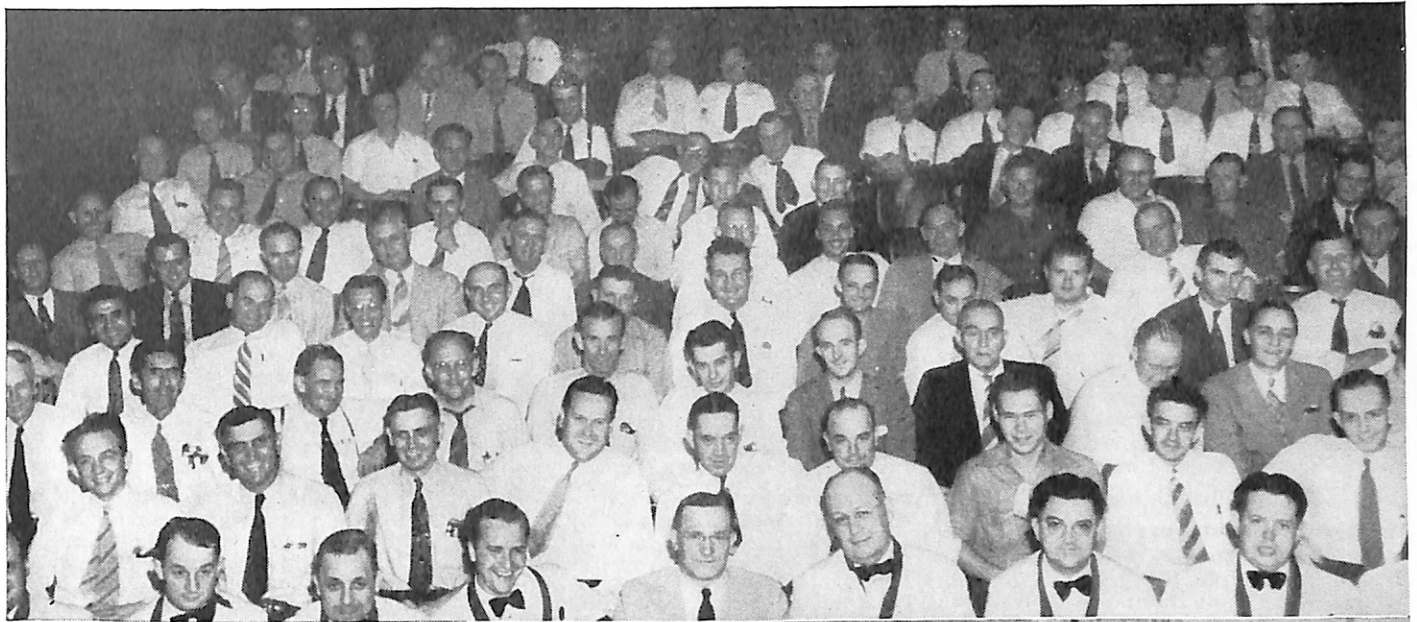
made an impressive talk, enthusiastically received. He was also presented with an emblem of the Order by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, of Dixon, Ill.

Thirty-three lodges were represented in the attendance of more than 135 visiting Elks. Among the distinguished guests who spoke were Grand Trustee Joseph B. Kyle of Gary, Pres. of the Indiana State Elks Assn., Dr. C. E. Duff, Lawrenceville, Pres. of the

Below is a class of candidates initiated into Gainesville, Fla., Lodge.







Above: Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland, shown with the Decatur, Ga., Lodge Championship Ritualistic Team, at the institution ceremonies of Cedartown, Ga., Lodge. Behind them are members of the Lodge.

### Mobile, Ala., Elks Entertain Three Hundred Orphans at All-Day Outing

For the past 23 years, Mobile, Ala., Lodge, No. 108, has given an Orphans' Outing, financed by voluntary subscriptions of the members of the lodge. On August 28th, the children were taken in automobiles to Grand View Park, and returned to the orphanages in the early evening. One of the things of note about the outing is that it has never rained, and this year was no exception.

First a parade was formed at the lodge home and the children were taken through the main streets of the city. At the Park, games were played and prizes were awarded. A string band furnished music for dancing, and life-guards were on hand to safeguard the swimmers. Three hundred children of various ages ate their fried chicken dinner, topped off with ice cream and soda pop, at long tables, nicely laid. W. R. Beatty was General Chairman. The Elks entered wholeheartedly into the spirit of the day and the outing was thoroughly enjoyed by guests and hosts alike.

Below are Elks who attended the banquet given by Glendale, Calif., Lodge in honor of Grand Esteemed Leading Knight George D. Hastings.



Above are officers and committeemen of Baker, Ore., Lodge who attended the Oregon State Elks Convention at Astoria.

Below: A prize-winning float entered in the Wisconsin State Elks Assn. Parade by Sheboygan, Wis., Lodge, the Convention host.







Above are some of the boys of the Junior Baseball League, sponsored by South Haven, Mich., Lodge, at a dinner.

### **The 52nd Annual Outing Held By Lynn, Massachusetts, Lodge**

More than 150 members attended the 52nd annual outing held by Lynn, Mass., Lodge, No. 117, at Rumbolt's Grove, engaged in horseshoe pitching and contests, and concluded their program with an old fashioned New England clam-bake. Lobster, chicken and corn were cooked on hot stones covered with seaweed.

The Elks left the lodge home in automobiles shortly after the noon hour, paraded through the downtown streets and then headed for the picnic grounds where luncheon was served. The feature of the afternoon was the softball game won by the married men over the single men. E.R. John H. Fox was General Chairman. Among the guests were Brother Patrick, head of the English Department at La Salle College, Philadelphia, and Daniel Lynch, aged 85, the oldest member present.

### **Paul Sanazaro Receives Most Valuable Student Award at Berkeley, California, Lodge**

At a civic reception held on September 3 at the home of Berkeley, Calif., Lodge, No. 1002, Paul Sanazaro, 18-year-old honor student at the University of California, was presented with a \$600 check awarded him by the Elks National Foundation Trustees as winner of the Most Valuable Student Contest.

Although the young man had been officially introduced to the Grand Lodge at the Philadelphia Convention, the pleasure and honor of making the presentation fell to Berkeley Lodge. Principals in the ceremony were E.R. Wesley D. Johansen, Dr. Virgil E. Dickson, Superintendent of Schools, Elwin LeTendre, Principal of the Berkeley High School, and Chairman of the local Awards Committee Arthur Gray, of Berkeley, who selected Mr. Sanazaro as Berkeley's contest representative.

Several hundred people attended the ceremonies and reception. Among those present were 13 of young Sanazaro's former teachers. Mr. Gray acted as

Toastmaster during the evening. Vocal and harp selections were included in the entertainment program and a number of speeches were made. Both Dr. Dickson and Mr. LeTendre congratulated Berkeley Lodge of Elks for its deep interest in school affairs and its cultural contributions to the community.

### **Dedication Services at Elks' Rest Are Held by Denver, Colo., Lodge**

One of the most impressive ceremonies ever held by Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17, was conducted recently by Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Milton L. Anfenger, P.E.R. of the lodge, at the Elks' Rest in a local cemetery. Two large granite monuments were unveiled and dedicated to the memory of deceased members. P.E.R. Jacob L. Sherman, Past Grand Tiler, was among

the many distinguished Elks who attended the exercises at which 300 Elks and their families were present.

The ceremonies were performed by the lodge officers under the direction of E.R. William W. Edwards. The program included organ selections and several numbers rendered by an Elk quartette.

### **"365" Plan Adopted by Alabama Elks Aids Crippled Children**

The Alabama State Elks Association has adopted and is carrying out with great success the plan used by the "365" Crippled Children's Clinic of Birmingham. The Association is sponsoring what is called the "365" (or penny-a-day) plan which entails the solicitation of membership in the Elks Crippled Children's Fund at a cost of \$3.65 a year for which a membership card is issued. Coin envelopes, with calendars attached, are distributed to Elks and non-Elks alike with the request that they use them to save a penny a day for these unfortunate children



Above, right: Secy. H. D. Gage, of Traverse City, Mich., Lodge, shown welcoming Major T. J. Schroeder, Commander of the Flying Cadets Board, the appearance of which was sponsored by Traverse City Lodge.

Right are Elks of Alhambra, Calif., Lodge, with the De Ramirez dancers, who presented a public program under the sponsorship of Alhambra Lodge.







Left: Elks and city officials of White Plains, N. Y., greeting Recruiting and Aviation Officers when White Plains Lodge became the springboard for the New York East Elks' "Keep 'Em Flying" program.

and cross off the date on the calendar as each penny is deposited. When the savings amount to \$3.65, the envelope is returned by the contributor to the lodge where the distribution was made, and the secretary issues a membership card in the Elks Crippled Children's Fund and another coin envelope. In addition, the use of stand banks in business establishments has proved to be most effective, averaging better than a dollar a month per bank.

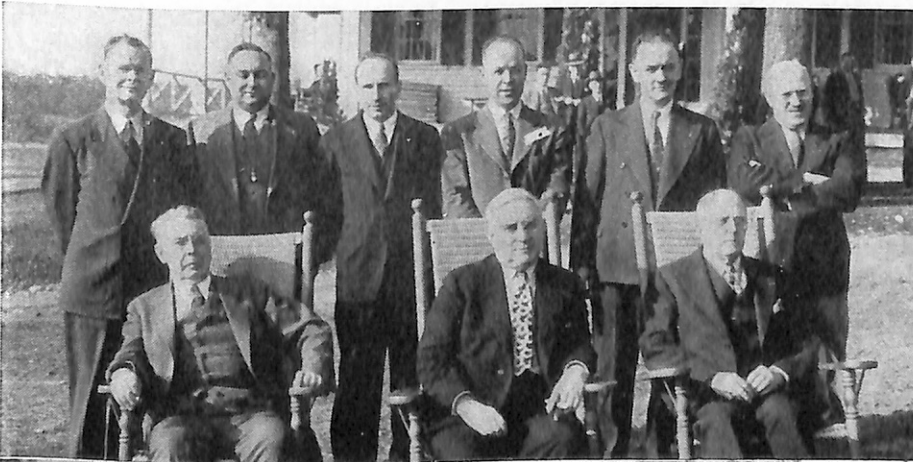
At the time of the official visit of the then Grand Exalted Ruler, Joseph G. Buch, the plan was explained to him in detail and he immediately contributed sufficient funds for the purchase of 500 additional banks to be placed in business establishments by the lodges of Alabama. D.D. Harry K. Reid, of Birmingham, was informed recently by Mr. Buch that the New Jersey State Elks Association, under the leadership of Past Pres. Colonel William H. Kelly, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, had adopted the "365" plan of operation and was considering the penny banks for business establishments, and that the plan was

being given like consideration by the Georgia and Florida State Elks Associations.

#### Jefferson City Lodge Gives An Outing; Entertains Selectees

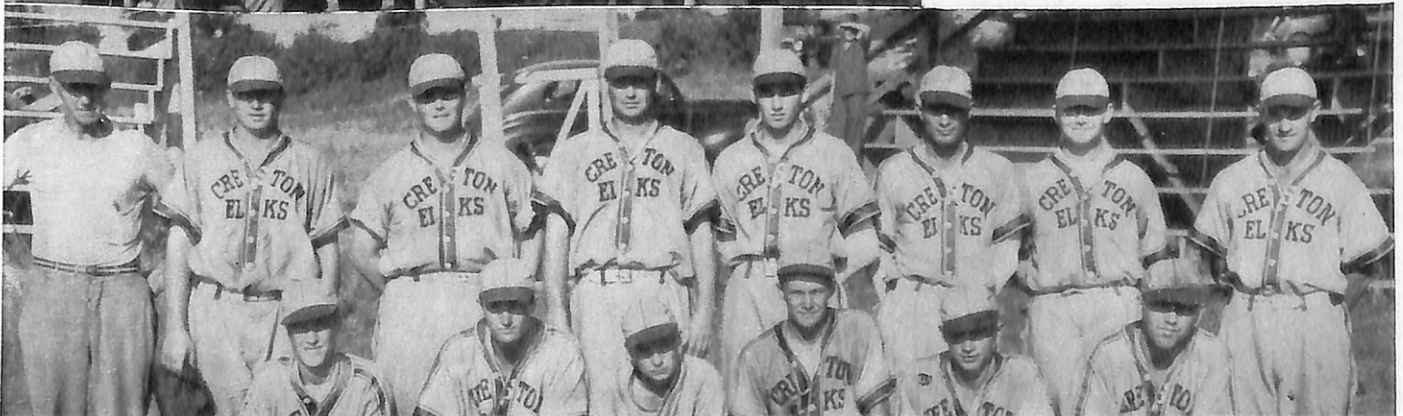
Jefferson City, Mo., Lodge, No. 513, has entertained each local group of selectees just before their departure for camp. On the first Sunday afternoon, 35 selectees assembled with parents, wives and friends in the spacious lodge rooms. About 200 altogether were present. Refreshments and sandwiches were served and the Boys Band from the Algoa School was on hand to furnish music for those who wanted to dance. Nine more were similarly entertained the following Sunday and seven the next. As long as selectees leave the city for training, the lodge expects to continue the practice of giving them a friendly and appreciative send-off.

A big barbecue picnic, with an attendance of approximately 225, was held by Jefferson City Lodge at a lakeside park just outside the city on July 28.



At left: the new officers of the Maine State Elks Association. Seated among them, center, is Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley.

Below is the baseball team of Creston, Ia., Lodge which has enjoyed a highly successful season.



The date was chosen because it fell on Thursday, the day the doctors and dentists of the city close their offices for the afternoon. A large representation of both professions is included in the membership.

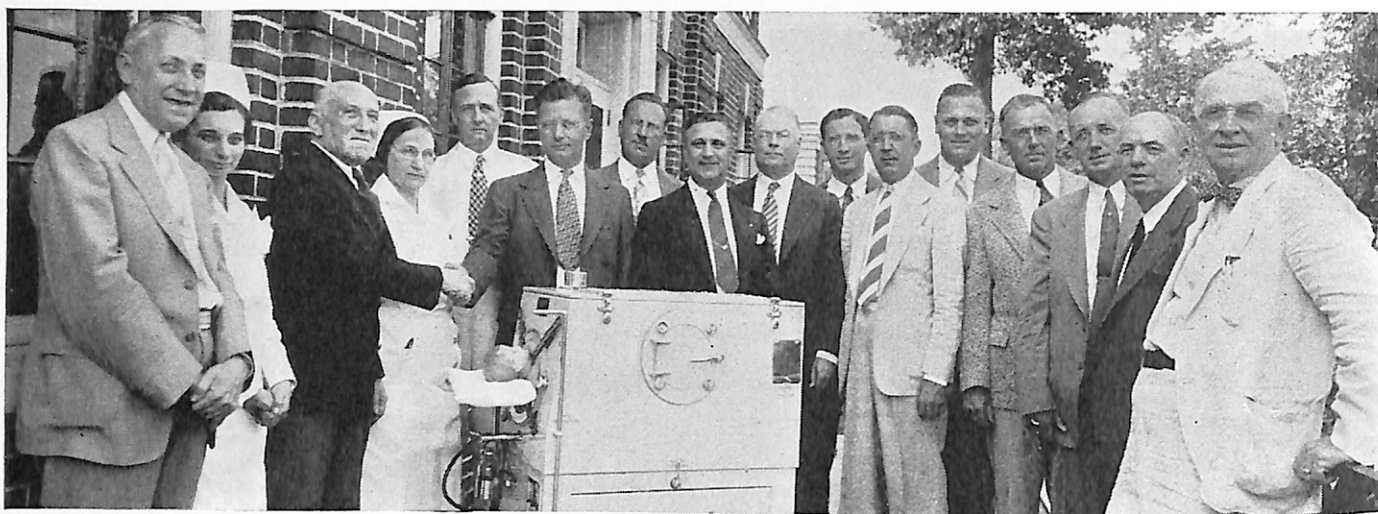
#### Elks Will Open 1942 American Bowling Congress Tournament

The American Bowling Congress will hold its world championship tournament in Columbus, Ohio, in 1942, beginning March the 3rd. Teams from all parts of the world, including Singapore, China, the Philippine Islands, Hawaii and Alaska, are expected to attend. The keenest rivalry exists among the various teams for the honor of bowling on the first shift on the opening night. A signal honor was conferred upon the Order this year when the selection was made. The first shift will be made up of teams from 36 Ohio lodges, and a team, the members of which will be the Mayor of the city, the Exalted Ruler of the lodge, and three others of their selection, will open the tournament. The matter was taken up at the convention of the Ohio State Elks Association at Cedar Point in August, and representatives of 33 Ohio lodges immediately asked for a place on the program.

Each year the opening attracts world-wide attention and is attended by hundreds of prominent people. Harold Lloyd, the moving picture star, has agreed tentatively to serve as Master of Ceremonies at the Columbus tournament. The entire program will be broadcasted over a national hookup, and moving pictures will be taken for news flashes to be shown throughout the country. Columbus Lodge No. 37 has announced that it will arrange an elaborate party to be held in the lodge home for all visiting Elks and their ladies.

It is not necessary for the members of booster teams to be good bowlers, as special prizes will be offered for these teams. The cost per team, which should be paid by the lodge, is





Above: An "Iron Lung" is presented by the Elks of Wilmington, Del., to the Wilmington General Hospital.

Right: Seven of the oldest members of Burlington, Ia., Lodge who attended a recent picnic held by the Lodge.



\$25 with an additional fifty cents where the team is not already a member of the American Bowling Congress.

Each team member is requested to wear a white shirt with his name and the number of his lodge on the back. Wherever possible, the team should bring along the lodge banner to be used in marching on the floor prior to the opening.

#### **Elks of Princeton, W. Va., Enjoy Moonlight Party After a Meeting**

Approximately 100 members of Princeton, W. Va., Lodge, No. 1459, attended a moonlight party and steak fry a few weeks ago. After the regular lodge meeting had come to a close, the party was escorted by the Entertainment Committee to a beautiful spot on a nearby hill. While steaks sizzled and other viands were being prepared, entertainment was presented and the lodge's Male Chorus sang. The affair, planned by E.R. J. M. Marshall, was a decided success.

#### **Scout Troop Sponsored by Elks of Shreveport, La., Collects Aluminum**

Boy Scout Troop No. 47, sponsored by Shreveport, La., Lodge, No. 122, collected 1,600 pounds of aluminum in the local national defense drive. The Troop has been under the sponsorship of the lodge for about six months. With the assistance and cooperation of the offi-

cers and the Scout Committee of No. 122, it took the lead among approximately 65 other troops in the vicinity and parish.

#### **Bradford, Pa., Elks Are Busy With Diversified Activities**

Bradford, Pa., Lodge, No. 234, held its 12th annual Tonsil Clinic recently at the Bradford Hospital. Due to the generosity of the membership, 45 children had their tonsils removed, bringing the total of tonsil operations performed under the auspices of the lodge to approximately 500.

Equipment has been purchased by Bradford Lodge for the newly organized drum and bugle corps of the 112th Infantry Pennsylvania National Guard Band. Nine members of the lodge have joined the Army, Navy and Air Corps. Four large, silk American flags were presented to the local public and parochial schools during the summer as a part of the lodge's patriotic activities

which have also included the purchase of two \$500 national defense bonds to be followed by additional purchases from time to time. The lodge has voted to remit the dues of those members called to the service of their country. The lodge rooms and parlors of the home have been renovated and redecored in anticipation of a heavy winter season of varied activities.

#### **Death of State Officer, Warren S. Hastings, of Albany, N. Y., Lodge**

Elks throughout the country mourn the loss of Warren S. Hastings, Sergeant-at-Arms of the New York State Elks Association, who attended every Grand Lodge Convention for more than thirty years. Mr. Hastings died while vacationing with his sister in Brooklyn. He had been a member of Albany, N. Y., Lodge, No. 49, for 55 years. Appointed Chaplain of the lodge in 1931, he served until his death, which occurred on August 22. In recognition of his untiring efforts in the Order's behalf, he was voted an honorary life (Continued on page 47)

Below: The 50th Anniversary Class of Helena, Mont., Lodge.







Above is the Yakima, Wash., Elks Five-Man Trap Team, which won the State Association Championship at the Convention in Aberdeen. This team also won six of the eight individual trophies offered at the Convention.

## NEWS of the State Associations

### WISCONSIN

Officers of the State Association, delegates and visitors began to assemble in the city of Sheboygan, Wis., on Thursday, August 21, for participation in the 39th annual convention of the Wisconsin State Elks Association. When the three-day meeting came to a close, it was agreed that expectations for a successful convention and a record attendance had been fully met. The gaily decorated home of Sheboygan Lodge No. 299 was reserved for registration and social activities which included a Thursday afternoon reception for the ladies and floor shows and dances every evening. For the "night club" entertainments, the building was temporarily remodeled, the bowling al-

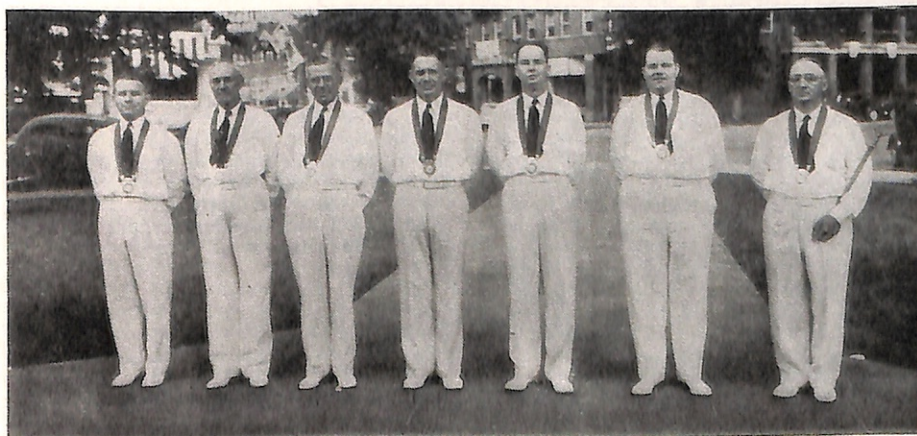
leys being covered over to provide ample space for tables and spectators. All of the business sessions took place at the Y.M.C.A.

Banquets were held on Thursday and Friday evenings. The first, the Past President's Dinner at the Grand Hotel, honored retiring President Bert A. Thompson, of Kenosha Lodge. The Grand Exalted Ruler's Banquet was held at the Foeste Hotel. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, of Moline, Ill., Lodge, represented the Grand Exalted Ruler and made the principal address, one of the finest ever delivered before the Wisconsin State Association. Judge Thompson complimented the State organization on all its activities, work for crippled children and the Elks' scholarship contest

in particular, and presented the Association with an additional \$300 from the Elks National Foundation "to do with as they saw fit". Called upon by the Toastmaster, District Attorney Fulton H. Leberman, P.E.R. of Sheboygan Lodge, E.R. Val W. Dittmann of Kenosha, Chairman of the State Elks Scholarship Committee, presented three \$100 scholarship awards to the winners. Bruce Morrison, Oshkosh, James McGrath, Kaukauna, and Adolph Patzer, Janesville, were the recipients. Owen Armstrong, of Sheboygan, was one of the two Wisconsin winners of "most valuable student" awards from the Grand Lodge. All of the boys were called upon and their responses contributed much to the pleasure of the evening. Among the distinguished Elks seated at the speakers' table, besides those mentioned above, were Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Charles E. Broughton, Exalted Ruler Jacob Fessler, Mayor Charles H. Bau and Attorney A. Matt Werner, all of Sheboygan Lodge; P.E.R. Julius P. Heil, Milwaukee Lodge, Governor of Wisconsin; State President Bert A. Thompson; State Chaplain the Rev. Henry Halinde, of Green Bay Lodge, and Mayor Carl Zeidler of Milwaukee Lodge, who led the group singing. After the banquet, the State championship ritualistic team from Appleton Lodge No. 337 initiated a class of candidates at the Y.M.C.A.

That success had attended the activities of the State Association during the year just ended, was shown by the various committee reports.

Numerous committees were responsible for the convention's success. The



At left is the Colorado State Championship Ritualistic Team, composed of Greeley Elks.



convention co-chairmen were Attorneys John M. Poole and Jacob F. Federer, P.E.R.'s of Sheboygan Lodge. Among the highlights of the social side were the Elks Golf Tournament at the Pine Hills Country Club, trap and skeet shooting, a huge spectacular outdoor show provided by Sheboygan Lodge at Shooting Park for visiting Elks, their ladies and guests, a breakfast and bridge party for ladies at the Pine Hills Club, sightseeing tours, and the gigantic parade which traversed the main sections of the city on Saturday afternoon and was applauded by thousands of admiring spectators.

Exceptional in beauty and impressiveness were the Memorial Services held on Saturday morning. The Madison Elks Cardinal Quartette, which sang at the two convention banquets and was brought to Sheboygan under the auspices of Marshfield Lodge No. 665, and the Milwaukee Elks Glee Club, furnished the vocal music. P.E.R. J. M. Van Rooy, of Appleton Lodge, gave the Elks' Toast, assisted by William Arndt, Sheboygan. State Senator G. W. Buchen, P.E.R. of Sheboygan Lodge, delivered the memorial address.

Dr. C. O. Fillingier of Marinette, who served last year as Vice-President-at-Large, was elected President. The list of associate officers elected is as follows: Vice-Pres.-at-Large, Andrew W. Parnell, Appleton; Vice-Pres.'s: N.E., Ray J. Fink, Menasha; N.W., William A. Uthmeier, Marshfield; South, Thomas F. Millane, Milwaukee; Secy., Lou Uecker, Two Rivers; Treas., William H. Otto, Racine; Trustees: William F. Schad, Milwaukee, Trustee-at-Large; A. J. Geniesse, Green Bay, John F. Kettenhofen, Green Bay, Ray C. Dwyer, LaCrosse, Thomas F. McDonald, Marshfield. Ashland was chosen as the 1942 convention city.

## PENNSYLVANIA

WITH a registered attendance of nearly 4,000, a series of constructive business sessions and splendid contests, and an abundance of social activities, the 35th Annual Convention of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, held at Pottsville on August 25-26-27-28, was a preëminent success. Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland attended, participating in the Memorial Services and delivering a stirring address at the Wednesday morning business meeting. He had traveled directly from Boulder where he spoke at the Colorado State Elks Association Convention, and left Pottsville shortly after noon on Wednesday for Cedar Point where he delivered an address at the Convention of the Ohio State Elks Association. He attended the Northeast District Dinner which, as is the annual custom, was an informal get-together of Elks for the renewal of friendship. About 100 were present.

The home of Pottsville Lodge No. 207 was the center of entertainment during the entire week, with dancing and floor shows every night and organ recitals each afternoon and evening. Remodeling work, begun in the early Spring, had been pushed ahead at a rapid pace so that the home would be ready for the big event.

The first social event of the Convention took place Sunday night when the annual dinner for Past State Presidents was held at the Necho Allen Hotel. Registration, business sessions, the convention banquets, the Monday night banquet for the State President

and Grand Lodge and State Association officers, the State President's Ball, the Student Aid Luncheon and the Northeast District Dinner were all held at the Hotel. The Golf Tournament was played off at the Schuylkill Country Club and there was trapshooting at the Pottsville Gun Club. The Ritualistic Contest was held at Moose Hall and the Drill Team and Band Competition at the Veterans Memorial Stadium. There were sightseeing tours through numerous interesting plants and many separate diversions for the ladies, including a bridge-luncheon at the Schuylkill Country Club.

Every distinguished Elk in the State who could conveniently do so attended the convention. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, of Philadelphia Lodge, attended the Past President's Dinner on Sunday evening, but left for his home city the next day, accompanied by Past Grand Esquire Max Slepín, also of Philadelphia, to attend the funeral of Mayor R. E. Lambertson. Returning on Tuesday, he took a prominent part in the rest of the proceedings, as did Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters, Grand Secretary, of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge. Approximately 200 persons attended the banquet in honor of State President Wade K. Newell, of Uniontown. Among those seated at the speakers' table were Grand Secretary Masters; Past Pres.'s Max L. Lindheimer, Williamsport, F. J. Schrader, Allegheny, Assistant to the Grand Secretary, Dr. E. L. Davis, Berwick, Howard R. Davis, Williamsport, John F. Nugent, Braddock, Scott E. Drum, Hazleton, Grover C. Shoemaker, Bloomsburg, and Edward D. Smith, Lewistown; Vice-Pres. Wilbur G. Warner, Leighton, and P. D. D. James G. Bohlender, Franklin. E. R. George J. Dimmerling, of Pottsville Lodge, and Mayor Claude A. Lord made brief welcoming speeches. Past Pres. Howard R. Davis, a former member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, was the only other speaker. Toastmaster Dr. C. V. Hogan, Pottsville, presented Mr. Newell with a pair of bookends carved from anthracite, a gift from the host lodge.

THE first business session opened with 400 delegates, representing the 119 lodges of the State, in attendance. State President Newell presided. Officers for the ensuing year were elected and Erie was chosen as next year's meeting place. The roster of State officers, including those appointed later by the new president, is as follows: Pres., Wilbur G. Warner, Leighton; Vice-Pres., K. L. Shirk, Lancaster; Secy., (reelected) William S. Gould, Scranton; Treas., (reelected) Charles S. Brown, Allegheny; Trustees: Dr. Charles V. Hogan, Chairman, Pottsville, W. J. Vannucci, Williamsport, Anthony J. Gerard, Knoxville, Thomas Z. Minehart, Chambersburg, and W. C. Kipp, Apollo, who was elected for a five-year term; Tiler, A. J. Fleischauer, Allegheny; Chaplain, the Rev. Leo F. Duerr, Sunbury; Inner Guard, J. G. Thumm, Shenandoah; Sergeant-at-Arms, Dr. E. L. Davis, Berwick.

An impressive feature of the convention was the Student Aid Luncheon given on Tuesday at 2:15 by the Pottsville Kiwanis Club for the 75 high school students who came from all parts of Pennsylvania as guests of the State Association, all of whom received certificates of vocation. They were addressed by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow. Six of the students received scholarships from the

Association and three from individual lodges. The formal presentations were made by Mr. Grakelow at the afternoon business session. In addition, several groups among the vocational students received from two to three hundred dollars to aid them in their advanced studies.

DURING the convention, the humanitarian and charitable activities of the State Association were reviewed by the retiring president who called attention to the scholarship and essay prizes, and to the sponsoring of Boy Scout troops, drives for the protection of children going to and coming from school, the student aid program for physically handicapped children, and the development of Antlers organizations of which five were organized during the past year—at Milton, Tamaqua, Connellsville, Reading and Bangor. Past Pres. Edward D. Smith, Chairman of the Membership Committee, reported a net gain in Pennsylvania for the lodge year of 2,062, and a total of 43,742 members.

The annual parade, the closing event of the official program, traversed a route covering two miles. It was a pageant of color, with marching clubs, drill teams, bands, bugle corps and floats, and was splendidly handled by Grand Marshal Major W. E. Gregory, P.E.R. of Pottsville Lodge, and P.E.R.'s Fred DeVecca and Harry Kotz, his aides.

Ellwood City Lodge No. 1356, with a score of 99.27, won the Ritualistic Contest over last year's winner, Homestead Lodge No. 650, and was awarded the gold trophy and a cash prize of \$50. Lancaster Lodge No. 134 won the Drill Team championship for the second consecutive year. W. C. Smith, Hanover, a delegate to the convention, was the winner of the Scott E. Drum Golf Trophy. Allen Franz, of Myerstown, won the gold trophy in the trapshoot. Parade prizes were awarded as follows: Largest marching club, Berwick first, Shamokin second; Best appearing marching club, Bellefonte first, Lancaster second; Lodge traveling the greatest distance, Erie first, Bellefonte second; Best Elk chorus, Williamsport; Best appearing band, Mount Carmel High School; Largest band, Leighton; Best drum and bugle corps, Tamaqua High School first, St. Joseph's, Girardville, second, Sunbury third; Best float, Berwick first, Hazleton second, Mount Carmel third.

## OHIO

WITH Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland of Atlanta, Ga., as guest of honor, and a registration of over 200 in excess of last year, the Ohio State Elks Association held its Annual Convention on August 25-26-27-28 at Cedar Point on Lake Erie. The Convention was called to order on Monday, August 25, at 8 p.m., with President E. B. LeSueur, of Toledo, presiding. After a short business session, memorial services were held for Past State President William H. Reinhart, Sandusky, and Third Vice-President Roy E. Bowersock of Lima, who passed away during the year.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick, of Toledo, O., attended the annual Convention Banquet and Purple Ball on Wednesday evening and addressed the large gathering of Elks and ladies. An entertaining floor show was presented. The Grand



Exalted Ruler arrived at a late hour from Pennsylvania, where he had attended the State Elks Association Convention. He made a brief speech after his introduction. The next afternoon, at an overflow meeting at which 49 of the State's 84 lodges were represented, Judge McClelland outlined his program for the year.

Elected to conduct the affairs of the State Association during the next twelve-month period were: Pres., Charles J. Schmidt, Tiffin; 1st Vice-Pres., Walter Penry, Delaware; 2nd Vice-Pres., John H. Neate, Upper Sandusky; 3rd Vice-Pres., V. E. Berg, New Philadelphia; Secy., Harry D. Hale, Newark; Treas., William Petri, Cincinnati. Leslie G. Scrimger, Columbus, was elected to the Board of Trustees, the other members of which are Joseph W. Fitzgerald, Canton, and Robert W. Dunkle, Chillicothe. Cedar Point was selected as the place for the 1942 convention, to be held during the last week in August.

Officers elected by the Ohio Past Exalted Rulers Association at its meeting on Tuesday, are as follows: Pres., Russell Batteiger, Chillicothe; 1st Vice-Pres., L. H. Whisler, Willard; 2nd Vice-Pres., Charles B. Weaver, Coshocton; 3rd Vice-Pres., W. D. Cole, Lakewood; Secy., James M. Lynch, Ashtabula; Treas., C. W. Wallace, Columbus.

## VIRGINIA

THE highlight of the Thirty-Second Annual Meeting of the Virginia State Elks Association held at Harrisonburg, Va., on August 24-25-26, was a report filed by the Social and Community Welfare Committee and adopted by the Association. The report called on the State to increase its appropriations for the eradication of tuberculosis in Virginia without relying upon private organizations and institutions. The committee recommended that the number of free beds in the sanatoriums be increased, that all food handlers and others in close contact with the public take compulsory examinations, that all school children be examined for tuberculosis, that more free clinics be established, and that rehabilitation be planned for arrested cases. The main project of the State Elks' Social and Community Welfare Committee for a number of years has been the elimination of tuberculosis in Virginia, and its charity funds have been used in that connection. Reports of the various lodges showed that the 16 lodges in the State had spent over \$37,000 during the past year for charity.

More than 600 Elks and ladies registered. The Business Manager of *The Elks Magazine*, Osborne B. Bond, of Baltimore, Md., Lodge, addressed the convention. J. A. Kline of Richmond Lodge, District Deputy for Virginia, East, and Charles D. Fox, Jr., Roanoke, District Deputy for Virginia, West, attended. A well balanced program, arranged in advance by Harrisonburg Lodge No. 450, blended business and entertainment with successful results.

P.D.D. W. B. F. Cole, of Fredericksburg Lodge, delivered the Memorial Address on the final day of the meeting. The Ritualistic Contest was won by Alexandria Lodge No. 758. The State officers elected are as follows: Pres., John L. Walker, Roanoke; 1st Vice-Pres., R. M. Ward, Newport News; 2nd Vice-Pres., W. S. Chisholm, Charlottesville; 3rd Vice-Pres., W. Marshall King, Fredericksburg; Secy., H. E. Dyer,

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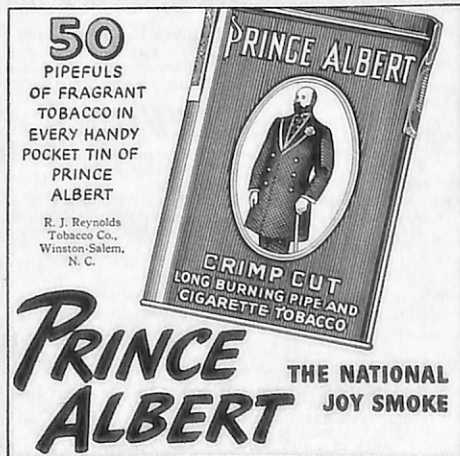
# WONDERS OF AMERICA Sound Wizards



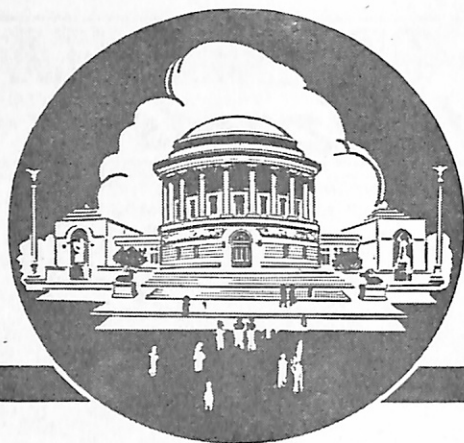
MANUAL SOUND EFFECTS IN A RADIO STUDIO



IN RECENT LABORATORY  
"SMOKING BOWL" TESTS,  
PRINCE ALBERT BURNED  
**86 DEGREES COOLER**  
THAN THE AVERAGE OF  
THE 30 OTHER OF THE  
LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS  
TESTED - COOLEST OF ALL!







# Grand Lodge Officers and Committees 1941-1942

## GRAND EXALTED RULER

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## GRAND ESTEEMED LEADING KNIGHT

GEORGE D. HASTINGS, Glendale, California, Lodge, No. 1289, 119 North Glendale Avenue

## GRAND ESTEEMED LOYAL KNIGHT

ED. D. BAIRD, Boise, Idaho, Lodge, No. 310, 902 North Eighth Avenue

## GRAND ESTEEMED LECTURING KNIGHT

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J. E. MASTERS, (Charleroi, Pennsylvania, Lodge, No. 494) Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, 2750 Lake View Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

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## GRAND TILER

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TOM BRISENDINE, (East Point, Georgia, Lodge, No. 1617) 1113-1114 First National Bank Building, Atlanta, Georgia

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WADE H. KEPNER, *Home Member*, Wheeling, West Virginia, Lodge, No. 28, 1308 Chapline Street

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JOHN M. McCABE, Toledo, Ohio, Lodge, No. 53, 2532 Meadowwood Drive

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RICHARD F. FLOOD, Jr., Bayonne, N. J., Lodge, No. 434, 59 Broadway

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DWIGHT STEVENS, Portland, Maine, Lodge, No. 188

PAUL V. KELLY, Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85

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CHARLES H. GRAKELOW, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, Lodge, No. 2, Broad Street at Cumberland

MURRAY HULBERT, New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, 2201 U. S. Court House

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JAMES T. HALLINAN, *Vice-Chairman*, (Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878) Room 1107, 475 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

JOHN R. COEN, (Sterling, Colorado, Lodge, No. 1336) Midland Savings Building, Denver, Colorado

MICHAEL F. SHANNON, Los Angeles, California, Lodge, No. 99, Citizens National Bank Building

DAVID SHOLTZ, (Daytona Beach, Florida, Lodge, No. 1141) Suite 400, American Bank Building, Miami, Florida

EDWARD J. MCCORMICK, Toledo, Ohio, Lodge, No. 53, The Ohio Building

HENRY C. WARNER, Dixon, Illinois, Lodge, No. 779

## The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

The Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., is maintained as a residence for aged and indigent members of the Order. It is neither an infirmary nor a hospital. Applications for admission to the Home must be made in writing, on blanks furnished by the Grand Secretary and signed by the applicant. All applications must be approved by the subordinate lodge of which the applicant is a member, at a regular meeting and forwarded

to the Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications. For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Title I, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home, address Wade H. Kepner, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, 1308 Chapline Street, Wheeling, West Virginia.



## News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 33)

Roanoke; Treas., W. Edgar Sipe, Harrisonburg; Trustee, H. F. Kennedy, Alexandria. Appointed by the newly elected President were L. S. Whitehouse, Alexandria, Chaplain; John R. Schafe, Alexandria, Sergeant-at-Arms; Percy F. Sowers, Harrisonburg, Tiler; Morris L. Masinter, Roanoke, Chairman of the Social and Community Welfare Committee; Randolph H. Perry, Charlottesville, Chairman of the Flag Day Committee; Wiley W. Wood, Norfolk, Chairman of the Ritualistic Committee; M. B. Wagenheim, Norfolk, Chairman of the Special Legislative Committee to secure increased appropriations for tuberculosis hospitals. The Association voted to convene next year at Alexandria.

### COLORADO

THE Annual Convention of the Colorado State Elks Association at Boulder, Colo., on August 24-25-26 was declared to be the most successful ever held by the State organization. Those in attendance were favored with the opportunity of meeting Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland and hearing him speak. The opening event of the meeting was the State Elks Golf Tournament on Sunday afternoon, in which 50 players participated. Individual and team bowling matches were held at the same time. Judge McClelland arrived later, having been met by a large delegation on the highway, nine miles out, where he was presented with a key to the city by Mayor Frank W. Thurman, General Chairman of the Convention Committee and P.E.R. of the host lodge, Boulder No. 566. A formal dinner, to which had been invited all present and past Grand Lodge officers residing in the State, the State Association officers, the Exalted Rulers of the lodges, and their ladies, was held at the Boulderado Hotel in honor of the distinguished visitor, and a special concert honoring the Elks was presented that evening in the band shell in Central Park.

State President Andrew Schafer, Jr., of Walsenburg, presided over the opening session, called to order on Monday morning. The attendance of nearly 400 included many ladies, and the highlight of the session was the splendid speech delivered by the Grand Exalted Ruler who was introduced by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, of Sterling, Colo., Lodge. Two special events were given in Judge McClelland's honor that day, a breakfast and a luncheon.

Dancing and games at the home of the lodge attracted large crowds on both Monday and Tuesday evenings. The Boulder Convention Committee eliminated the usual parade and in its place substituted a new and novel feature—"Elks' Stunt Night", a show held in the auditorium of the Boulder High School. Acts were presented by the various lodges in competition for the hundred dollars appropriated as prize money. Seven hundred people attended and the show was a decided success. Later, a beautiful ceremony took place in front of the lodge home. Arrangements had been made previously for the turning out of all of the street lights, throwing the area into darkness. A few minutes before eleven o'clock the

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chimes in one of the local churches began "Auld Lang Syne". Promptly on the hour, a spotlight was turned upon a large, waving American flag on the balcony of the home, and the Eleven O'Clock Toast was given by Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Milton L. Anfenger, P.E.R. of Denver Lodge.

The State Ritualistic Contest, held on Tuesday morning, was won by the officers of Greeley Lodge No. 809 with a score of 98 per cent. E.R. Timothy H. Armstrong stated that the assistance of P.E.R.'s Russell A. Hayden and R. Bruce Miller, P.D.D., in preparing the officers for the district contest and later for the State competition, had much to do with the team's success. Grand Junction and Colorado Springs Lodges also participated. New State officers were elected at the final business session that afternoon and the host lodge was selected for the 1942 convention, Grand Junction Lodge No. 575 being awarded the honor. The list of officers for 1941-42, is as follows: Pres., Frank W. Thurman, Boulder; Vice-Pres.'s: Cent., Raymond Riede, Denver; North, Albert R. Fine, Greeley; South, Leslie J. Bush, Salida; West, Leonard Glaser, Durango; Secy., Frank H. Buskirk, Montrose; Treas., W. R. Patterson, Greeley; Chaplain, Dr. George L. Nuckolls, Gunnison; Trustees: William Morley, Longmont, Henry B. Zanella, Ouray, Wilbur M. Alter, Victor, G. A. Franz, Jr., Ouray, Frank J. Busch, Cripple Creek, Lawrence E. Accola, Pueblo, O. J. Fisher, Greeley, and A. Wayne Luellen, Grand Junction.

AT THE end of the business session, Elks and their ladies, several hundred in all, were taken to the top of Flagstaff Mountain, overlooking the city, where a buffalo barbecue was served. About seven o'clock, when the sun had sunk behind the hills and darkness was beginning to settle over the valley below, a beautiful memorial service was held. The State Chaplain delivered an impressive address. At the mention of the cardinal principles of the Order, in neon lights were flashed the words Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity, and "Thanatopsis" was recited.

A registered attendance of 916 men and 633 ladies broke all previous convention records. Included in the number were visitors from 24 States. The fine program, planned by Boulder Lodge well in advance, was superbly executed. The committee had let it be known that special efforts would be

made for entertaining the ladies and many affairs, including a tea at the Boulder Women's Club, were given.

## MAINE

THE Maine State Elks Association opened its annual convention on Saturday, September 13, with registration at the home of the host lodge, Bath, Me., No. 934. The evening program included dancing, entertainment and a supper at the home. During the convention session on Sunday, the ladies were taken on a sightseeing tour. The annual banquet was held at the Bath Country Club. The principal speakers at the banquet were Dwight Stevens, Portland, Me., a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and John F. Burke, Boston, former Chairman of that Committee; E. Mark Sullivan of Boston, Mass., former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum, and Judge Daniel E. Crowley, of Biddeford-Saco Lodge, John P. Carey, Bath, Fred L. Sylvester, Lewiston, and Albert C. Jones, Rockland, Past Pres.'s of the Maine State Elks Assn. President Ernest C. Simpson, Secretary Edward R. Twomey, and Chaplain Elmer W. Cobb conducted a memorial service for members of the 15 lodges in the State who had died since the last convention, and a special service was held by Past Pres. Dwight Stevens and Mr. Cobb for the late Lester C. Ayer, a Past President of the Association and Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight of the Order.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, addressed the convention and presented the State Association with a Founder's Certificate for its first \$1,000 subscription to the Elks National Foundation. The Association subscribed to a second \$1,000 certificate, authorized the purchase of a \$50 defense bond and voted to install a lighting system in the operating room of the Children's Hospital in Portland as part of its activities in work for crippled children.

Portland was chosen as the 1942 convention city and officers were elected as follows: Pres., Dr. Joseph L. Brown, Sanford; 1st Vice-Pres., Gordon W. Drew, Augusta; 2nd Vice-Pres., Arthur J. Henry, Rumford; 3rd Vice-Pres., Harold R. Keniston, Waterville; Secy., Edward R. Twomey, Portland, (secretary since the organization of the State Association) reelected and also elected Treasurer; Ernest C. Simpson, Waterville, Trustee for three years; Philip M. Israelson, Rumford, Trustee for two years.

## OKLAHOMA

ATTENDANCE at the past three conventions of the Oklahoma State Elks Association was exceeded this year when the Association convened at Bristow. All but three of the 19 lodges of the State were represented. The Oriental Banquet on Saturday night, honoring Past Grand Esquire George M. McLean of El Reno, Okla., Lodge, now Grand Treasurer of the Order, was the social highlight of the convention. J. P. Battenburg, of Oklahoma City, delivered the principal address at the banquet and also read the winning essays chosen from those submitted by Oklahoma school children in the Elks National Essay Contest on "What Uncle Sam Means to Me". He also announced the winners who were awarded prizes by the State Association. The banquet was followed by two dances, one modern, the other an old fashioned square dance. The championship drill team of Tulsa, Okla., Lodge, No. 946, gave an outstanding exhibition. The Eleven O'Clock Toast was recited by Special Deputy Floyd H. Brown, P.E.R. of Oklahoma City Lodge.

At the final business session, called to order on Sunday morning at eleven o'clock, Third Vice-Pres. Robert G. Maidt of Oklahoma City, Chairman of the Ritualistic Contest, announced that the contest had been won by Duncan Lodge No. 1446. A report on the Activities Contest was made by the Chairman, Past State Pres. William L. Fogg of El Reno. The winner of the contest and the Meek Cup was El Reno Lodge No. 743. State Secy. S. G. Bryan and Treas. R. V. Miller reported final payment by the Association on its Elks National Foundation Certificate. The Membership Committee reported an increase in the State as a whole and the institution of a new Lodge at Ada. The following officers were elected: Pres., D. H. Perry, Enid; 1st Vice-Pres., John M. Collin, Shawnee; 2nd Vice-Pres., Robert G. Maidt, Oklahoma City; 3rd Vice-Pres., C. C. Armstrong, Bartlesville; Secy., Hubert E. Mullikin, Enid; Treas., R. V. Miller, Tulsa; Trustees: H. J. Salz, Woodward, B. B. Barefoot, Oklahoma City, J. E. Kalb, Altus, R. V. Tarrant, Bartlesville, and S. G. Bryan, McAlester.

It was decided to hold the 1942 convention at Sapulpa. A Lodge of Sorrow was held for deceased members of the Association at which John M. Collin gave a rendition of "The Vacant Chair". Bristow Lodge No. 1614 handled the convention most successfully.

## Call Me a Bum

(Continued from page 7)

chance to fight a champion, even though there was no championship at stake. They figured now, while I was green, while I was only one year from the amateurs, the time was ripe to bust me open like a paper bag, to smash me down and finally remove the threat of me. Later it might be too late.

But I signed. I felt, 'way deep inside of me, that I could take the guy. I signed the papers with a sweating hand and figured I was pretty smart. There was Dixie and Victor and Frankie Carr and two other stooges

in the room. I had three weeks to get in shape.

Figured they could beat me. Beat me, hell! I nearly chased the bum into the grandstand. It was a tough fight. It was ten rounds and there is no doubt that Dixie knew a lot more tricks than me. The guy was brilliant. He was sharp. He punched me full of holes but I kept moving through the rounds, I kept on punching, kept on charging, and I brought the geezer out in Dixie. I broke his sweet coordination just by walking in and throwing punches all the

time. When things got very tough for him, he butted me just like a billy goat. He screamed that he was robbed when the judges and the referee all gave me the decision. But I knew that I had licked him and had licked him on the level.

I went into the showers and I felt that I was Dempsey. Big-time guy. I beat the champ. I didn't have the title, but I knew the way to get it. I was happy. I was thinking of the things I would tell Rita, how we'd talk about it till the morning, or until I was so tired I couldn't open



my jaws again. The doctor came and put some stitches in my eyebrows. I really didn't feel the pain. I kept on thinking of a lot of other things.

The payoff was in Frankie Carr's office. I walked in and Dixie sat there with a white face, saying nothing, looking at me all the time. I said, Harry—to myself I said it—never turn your back on him. This guy will eat the heart of his own mother.

Then Frankie handed me the dough. I looked at it. I looked at it again. I counted it and all it added up to was eleven dollars, forty cents, and I said, "Come again, Frankie. What's the gag?"

Victor Daddio was there, besides those other guys who saw me sign up for the fight. Frankie looked at them, then back at me. He said, "There's no gag, kid. That's what you get. That's fifteen percent of the gate, less your eight hundred dollar advance."

I said, "Wait a minute. Wait a year or two. I'm not a punch-drunk yet. What advance?"

One of the others said, "The eight hundred he gave you last month when you signed up. Don't you remember?"

Frankie pointed to his stooges. Frankie shrugged. "There's the witnesses," he said. I got the idea then. I reached back to throw a punch or two, but those witnesses were very big. They grabbed me from behind and shoved me out the door. I was so tired from the fight I didn't have the strength to make a squawk, not then.

But I am not the slob to stick his head in sand and say it's all right, pally, kick me up and down the avenue. I didn't care too much about the dough. I figured with the reputation I got beating Dixie that the banks would not be big enough to hold the cash I was about to make. But I knew that I'd been jobbed. I figured they were laughing. They were very cute and pleased with what they did.

I went around to Victor's place. It isn't known as Victor's place. It is a fleabag in Chicago called The Domino Hotel. They've got a horse room on the second floor, and just what else they've got I wouldn't know.

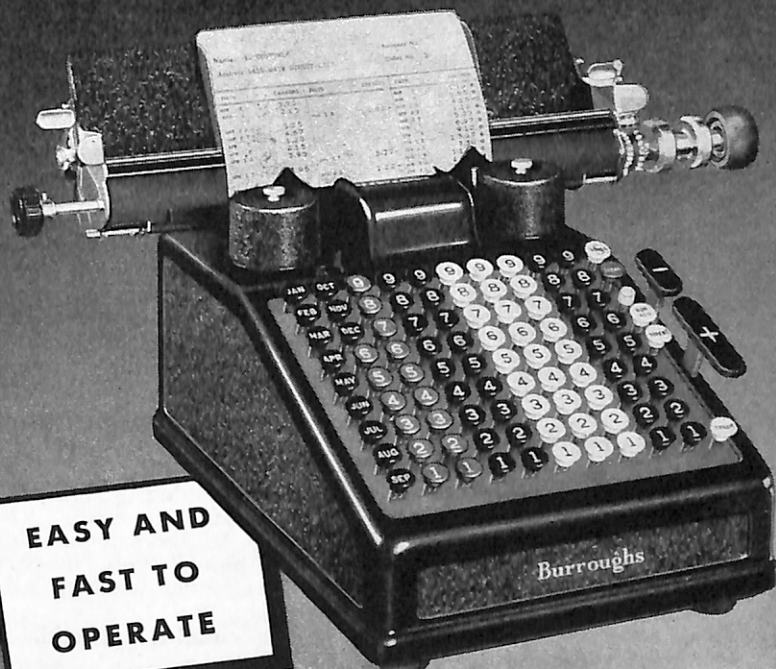
I only know that Dixie, Victor Daddio and Frankie Carr were sitting in the horse room, and that when I came in the place they all were very polite to me and Victor said, "No need to make a stink. There's no percentage in a thing like that. Come on inside. We'll talk. I guess we had you worried, kid. I guess you figured we were pretty mean."

"No," I said. "Don't get me wrong. I figured you was the Salvation Army. Gimme the dough."

"Inside," he said. "You'll get your dough."

I guess that I was born a chump. I went into the next room and the three of them came walking after

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me. We sat down at a table. Dixie offered me a drink.

"No, thanks," I said. "The dough."

"Maybe you'd like an ice cream soda," Dixie said.

"Heh, heh," I said. "Funny."

"You don't like us, do you?" Victor said.

"No. I don't like you."

"You figured you were pretty smart, didn't you? You figured a decision over Dixie is a nice thing to have."

"It's worth dough," I said. "My family's growing."

"The title is worth dough, too," said Victor. "It's something we don't want to give away. You think you can lick Dixie at 135 pounds for the title, don't you?"

"I can beat Dixie at anything but picking pockets, Victor. I can beat Dixie. I can beat you. I can beat that punk promoter you got working for you. You thought Dixie would murder me last night, while I was still a kid, still green. You figured wrong. You'll have to fight me for the title now. So what? So goodbye title, goodbye Dixie."

That was when Dixie slapped me in the face. I couldn't get at him across the table, so I took a punch at Victor. Something hit me on the head and dazed me. Victor grabbed one of my arms and held it on the table. Frankie Carr got hold the other one and Dixie belted me across the hands with a blackjack. The blackjack was wrapped up very nicely in a towel. My hands didn't even bleed. The bones just crumbled up inside. I thought the pain would kill me and I couldn't fight. I couldn't pick up anything, a chair, a lamp or anything to hit them with. The three of them just walked me down another flight of stairs and shoved me out into the street. Victor asked me on the way, "When you think that you'll be fightin' for the title?"

**J**OE FIORA runs the fights in Brushport. He runs the fights, the auto races, runs the local ball club, everything. He is a big guy in a little town and sometimes difficult to see. But I know Joe. I know him pretty well. His place is up one flight above a barber shop. I could hear him talking while I climbed the stairs, laughing and saying "yeah-yeah", like a guy who's on the telephone.

It was nearly ten o'clock and I was still wrapped in the sweaters I'd been running in and there is someone upstairs sitting at a desk who figures I must be a bum who's looking for a dime. This gentleman is large and stupid-looking and I never laid my eyes on him before. He said, "What-ta you want?"

I said, "I'd like to see

Fiora." I was tired and I was dirty and I wanted to be home and in a bath, but first I thought I'd do this thing before I lost my nerve. A four-round fight can't kill me, even if my hands go bad. At least I'll be there trying and I'll have a few bucks for the little family.

This big guy said, "He's out. He won't be back."

But I could hear Fiora on the telephone. "I'll wait," I said. "He won't be long. He'll hang that phone up pretty soon."

The guy said, "Beat it. Can't you hear me? Can't you unnerstan' I said he's out?"

"He's inside telephoning," I said again. "Just lemme alone, mister. Stop pushin'. I know where the door is. I'll use it after I see Joe."

It was hot in there. Hot and stuffy and the sweaters had begun to irritate the flesh around my neck. Ordinarily I am a mouse, a perfect cup of custard out in public, never wanting trouble, but this large man keeps on pushing me and saying Joe is out. He thinks I am a bum and I know well I'm not a bum. It is almost for self-protection that I let a left hook go; it is a pretty one and Mr. Large folds in the corner like somebody's overcoat.

I heard Fiora hanging up the telephone. I turned the knob and walked right in. He said, "Hello, Harry. Have a seat. How'd you get in so easy?"

"Your watchdog is asleep," I said.

"The bum," he said. "Asleep? Nice time to be asleep. Hey, out there—wake up! Well, Harry, what's new? What you wearing all those sweaters for?"

"I been running," I said. "Doing

roadwork, Joe. I want a fight. I'm not too fussy, Joe. Anything. Four rounds. Six rounds. I'll do all right."

"You will, huh? How about your hands?" he said.

"My hands are okay, Joe. I been toughening them a long time now. I'll be ready by the seventeenth, the night that Dixie fights." I held my hands in front of me. I turned my left hand slowly while I looked at it. I felt no pain in it. I was thinking of the punch that I just threw with it.

"Look, Joe," I said. "C'mere a minute, will you?" I walked to the door and opened it, then pointed to the big guy in the corner, with his head down underneath the water cooler, and I said, "He didn't go to sleep on purpose, Joe. You just wake him up and ask him."

Joe said, "You did that?" He seemed to think that it was very funny.

It might have been the heat. It wasn't sense that made me talk, but I said, "Joe, how much you paying Homer Seltz to get his head punched in by Dixie?"

Fiora said, "Five hundred. Why? He's gonna earn the money, Homer is. He needs it bad, but there are nicer ways to get it."

"Joe," I said. "You know that piece of property I got? That chunk that everybody wants?"

"It's a nice piece of ground," he said.

"I'll sell it to you for the price you offered me."

"What made you change your mind?"

"Tryin' to make up your mind, Joe. I want to substitute for Homer on the seventeenth. I want to fight

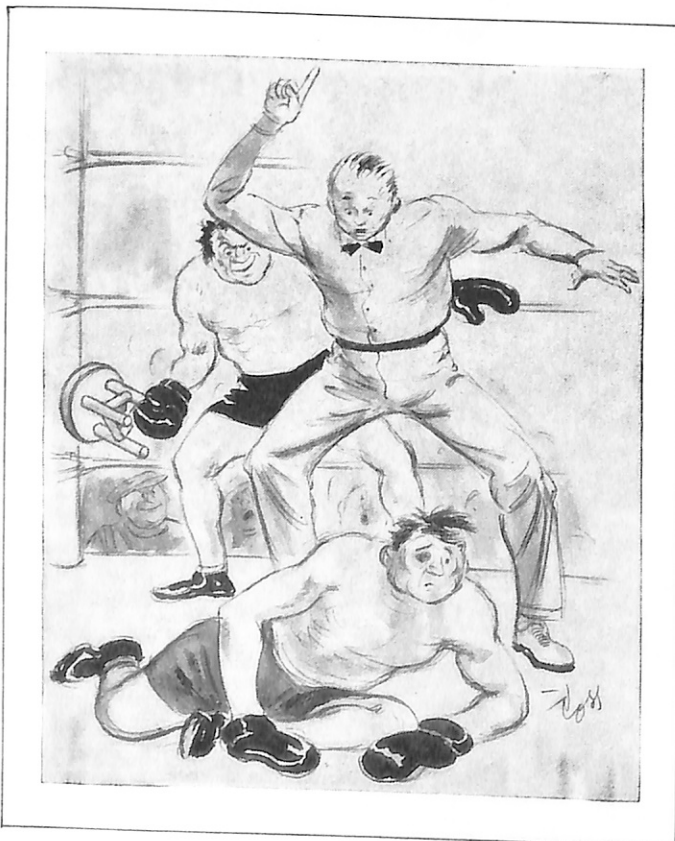
Dixie. And I want to make it so attractive that you won't refuse me."

"You crazy? Dixie's got a contract to fight Homer or somebody just as bad. This is a cheap fight. This is just a waltz for Dixie. He's supposed to get a bum. You want to ruin me? Besides, Homer needs the dough. I promised 'im."

"You're not taking any punches, Joe," I told him. "You don't get hurt. And Homer gets his five hundred, anyway. You give it to him instead of giving it to me. I'll put it in writing for you, Joe. All I want is a chance. A lousy little chance."

"You wouldn't get away with it," he said. "Dixie wouldn't want no part of you. Good hands or bad hands, Harry."

"Look," I said. "Be smart. Just listen to me, Joe. You guaranteed you'd get a bum. Well, who the hell's a bum if I am not a bum? Gimme another name. Call me anything. Call me, lemme see—call me Young Charles."





This Fiora is a strange and funny man. He just kept looking at me. He was laughing. Then he looked at his stooge, just waking up under the water cooler. He said, "If you was right, kid, if you was in shape, you might lick Dixie. I get around. I hear a lot of things. The situation is amusing. They're gonna yell murder when they see you, but they won't see you till you're in the ring. That Daddio, that thief, he beat me out of money once. I might even put a little bet on you."

"You think I'll win?" I said. I was hopped up with the hopefulness of little boys and girls. It must have been the roadwork creeping up into my brain. "You really think I have a chance, Joe? You think I can win?"

"You got no chance in the world," he said. "You ain't fought in two years and you got hands as brittle as biscuits. If you can lick Dixie, I'll fight the bum myself. An' I'm an old man, Harry. You beat 'im and I'll give you back your property. I think you're crazy, that's what I think, but I know the things you got inside your head. Sure, I'll bet. I'll clean up, too. I'll bet that you go six rounds, anyway, before he belts you out."

Well, Rita thinks that I am crazy, too. She cried about the property. She said it was the only hope we had. She said if I was willing to make sacrifices, if I wasn't thinking always of my stupid pride, our life, the kid's life, too, would work okay, we wouldn't have to worry, we would not wind up on relief. She remembered all the plans we made, the resolutions that we made that I should never be a meatball. She cried and said my hands would break like matchsticks in my gloves. She said that Dixie'd cut me up, a little at a time, because he's cruel, because he's mean, because he always hated me and was a-scared of me. But when I left, when I went out the door, she put those things behind her and she kissed me and she didn't cry and she said, "Make him jump out of the ring,"—as though I really could.

SO HERE it is a summer's night. We're walking out across the green grass of the Fairgrounds and the ring is up ahead. The stars are down above the ring and down above the people, low as floodlights, and you'd think, if you just raised your arm, you'd scoop a hundred of them in your hat. It's only me and Dixie now. I haven't any right within the ropes with anyone who's champ. I've trained. Oh, sure I have, but you can't do much in a couple of weeks against the bums that I've been training with, and worrying, each time I throw a punch, about my hands. They haven't busted yet, because I'm saving them for Dixie. I'm saving something else for Dixie, too. A little something that I've worked out in my feeble mind. A little something Dixie can take home with him.

I go up and through the ropes and

Dixie sees me coming. Victor Daddio is there to see me, too. They go white, the two of them. They start to squawk. They look around the press rows, look around to see where Joe Fiora is. But Joe is smart. He keeps away. Joe doesn't have to worry. He's too tough for them. Besides, I went and registered as Young Charles with the State Commission, so when I'm introduced, it's as "That Chicago favorite—formerly known as Harry Drake, now boxing out of Brushport on the comeback trail—your own Young Charles!"—you know the kind of noise announcers make, the way they lay it on. It all is legal. We are in the middle of the ring. The referee is Eddie Gorse. He's giving us instructions. He makes us touch our gloves together in an imitation of a handshake. He sends us to our corners and Charlie Duane, a local boy, takes the robe from off of me and says, "Good luck." The bell rings out and I move out with busy little steps and there is Dixie in the middle of the ring.

DIXIE moves as sweet as music. He's a boxer, Dixie is. His long left hand has been to school and knows its way around. His face is set and watching me. He hasn't had a chance to figure out this "Young Charles" gag. He sticks that left hand in my mouth a time or two. I move in easy, first one step and then another and I toss a right hand at his chin. I miss. The timing's bad. He stuffs me with that left hand, moves away. I throw two hooks but miss him twice. He grins a little bit. Tight little grin. Fancy Dixie rips that left against my nose. The blood comes down, a little river warm and trickling. I keep moving in. I wonder, when I hit him—if I hit him—will the hands hold up? We step around. He's over by the ropes. I go in, sliding underneath his left. I belt a right hand deep into his body. The hand holds up so far. It was a good punch. Dixie ties me in a knot and waits until the referee walks in between us. "Break it up," the referee says, so we have to break it up.

That left hand reaches out for me again. It's hard to get away from. Dixie's smart. He seems to get the idea that I'm awkward, timing's bad. He turns the fancy business on and makes me do the things he wants me to. He makes a bum of me while I am moving in to get the range. But I am thinking, too. I feint him with a left hook, make him back away, but still I never throw it, except when it's an easy shot into his body, and he gets the idea I have packed my hands away in ice, afraid to throw them. This makes Dixie very happy. He gets careless. We are over near his corner. He pulls back his right. I let the left hook go. It's pretty good. Not good enough. But it surprises him. He tries to get away. I have him where I want him and I throw my right hand in with all I've got. He goes down on his back. You hear the

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sound of Dixie's back against the floor. The crowd jumps up, and Dixie lies there blinking up into the lights. Right back of him is Victor Daddio. I wished I had a chance to look at Dixie's face.

But I don't see a thing. I'm blind with pain. There is a fire inside my glove. My right hand's gone. I want to cry. I want to run and kick him while he's on the floor.

The count is "four" and he'll be getting up. He gets his legs beneath himself and shoves himself erect. I hit him too high with the punch. I hit him where the bone is hard, along the cheek. He laughs like it was nothing. Just an accident, but I can see the trouble and the worry on his face. He tincans carefully away. I chase him, throwing left hooks, and I hope he doesn't know what's happened to my right. Then we hear the bell, and I march back to Charlie in my corner.

Charlie wipes me clean and says, "The punch was just a little high. Two inches lower and you would've sent him to the hospital. Your hand all right?" I just look at him; he looks at me, then Charlie swears beneath his breath.

I move out for the second, move out fast and chase the champ around the ring. It's fun to chase a champ around the ring, even when you are afraid to hit him with your right. I pray that I can nail him with a left. But he keeps his hands high. He is careful. He is scared to death, the bum. He feeds that left hand to me all the time and it is hard to get a shot at him. In the clinches, Dixie holds me tight. He uses laces neatly on my brows. He opens one of them. He slaps me with an open glove and it is hard to see. He seems to get the idea that I'm never going to throw that right. I wipe the blood away and look for him. I find him, too. I find his right hand landing on my jaw, just like a bomb. The lights are wavering. I'm reaching for him, but he uppercuts inside. He knocks my rubber mouthpiece out. He knows he's got me now. He works both hands against the eyebrow he has sliced. He should've been a surgeon. I tell you I can't find the bum, and then it's just as though somebody pushed me down a flight of stairs. I'm shoving with my hands, and what I'm shoving is the floor.

The referee says "Six!" and holds six fingers up in front of me, the way they do. Everything is whirling and is singing, but I know it is the referee, and I say, "All right, Eddie, I'll be up. I'm okay, Eddie." But I am sick inside, and I keep thinking of the plans I made for Dixie, all the pretty plans.

I get up and Eddie wipes the resin off my gloves, and Dixie comes now like a buffalo, like horses down the stretch. I reach out for his

arms but all I catch are punches in the head. If only I could see.

This thing goes on. Goes on forever. But I'm on my feet. I try to get away from him. I try to keep my left hand out. I try to fight the smart way. But he catches me. His punches never stop. I can't remember what it was that I had planned to do to him. I only know that I would rather die than quit to him. How many rounds, I couldn't say. I only know that we were fighting all the time.

But I am on my feet. We're punching, very busy, on the ropes, and while things are a little blurred, I still can see, I can see Charlie in my corner, with his hands up and his fingers motioning to me and I think he's saying, "Easy, Harry; easy, boy!"

I go back to my corner at the bell and Charlie hits me with a sponge. The water feels so fine I'd like to eat the sponge and I say, "Charlie, he can't knock me out. He couldn't knock me out if he had baseball bats. It's only that my legs are shot. I can't stand up."

"What the hell," he says, "they should be shot. You should be dead an' buried long ago. It's the seventh comin' up."

The seventh round! I thought it was the fourth or fifth. But looking now, across the ring, my sight is clear and clean, and it must be that Charlie has me patched up like a fifty-cent umbrella.

"I can't remember, Charlie. Tell me, was it—"

"Easy. Save yer breath. You been doin' good. You been stickin' that left hand out like a machine. You're gonna need your breath. You been goofy now for fifteen minutes straight."

Then he shoved me out there and I couldn't tell you what was holding

me together. Once, when I was in the amateurs, a guy hit me the first punch of the fight and I didn't know I'd won the fight till I was in my dressing room and the shower woke me up. But here it is, the seventh round. I have to laugh to think of Joe Fiora. Joe was right. He bet I'd last six rounds. Well, good for Joe.

Dixie looks the same, except he isn't quite so fast. He keeps that left hand out and throws his right like it's a gun. I know now what I've planned for Dixie. I take the punch and keep on walking in. I've soaked so many punches up that I don't feel the pain. Dixie thinks that I'm an armored tank. He thinks that I am crazy. Well, perhaps he's right. He holds on tight. He's scared. He tries to butt me in the clinch. Instead, I bring my own head up and hit him in the chin with it. He squawks to the referee.

Eddie says to him, "So what'd you expect?"

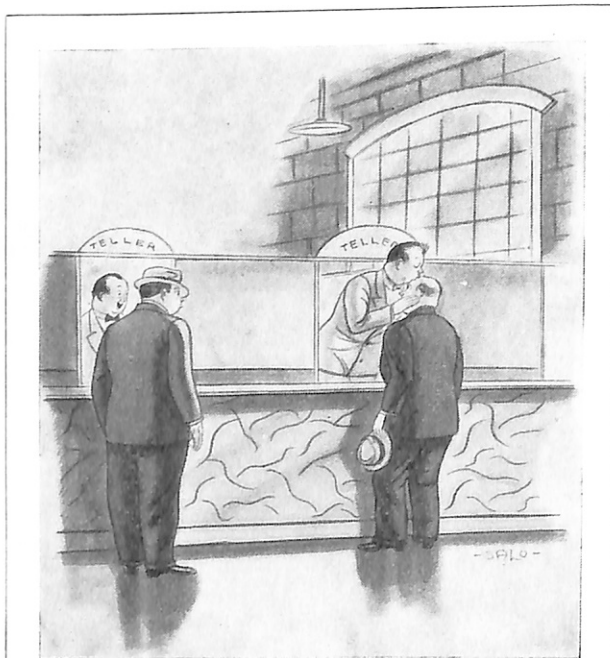
But a butt in the puss is not the thing that I have planned for Dixie. I see the geezer coming out in him. I'm tired. I'm so done in that I need derricks just for lifting up my arms. Dixie lets the right hand go. It nails me clean. The lights swing back and forth inside my head but I stay on my feet. He wonders why I don't go down. I wonder, too, but maybe it is Rita and the kid and all the things that I have written in my mind. He lets the right hand go again. I soak it in. I laugh at him. I march at him. He's frantic. He is wacky now. I watch his right hand, watch him bring it back, tee off. I watch it coming for my chin. I watch it very careful and I duck my head and let him bust his bones against my skull.

I see his face. The terror and the agony that's written on his face.

"Good as a black-jack, isn't it?" I say. I belt him with a left hook to his mouth. "You won't fight again," I say. I'm only talking to myself. I don't make words. I'm talking to myself, inside. I haven't got the breath for making words. The rhythm of his style is gone. He's waiting for the bell, he wants to run away, he thinks that maybe Victor, who's so smart, can think up something that will fix his hand. But you can't fix a hand like that. That's what I was practicing when I was training with those bums.

I belt him with a left hook, but my left is kind of brittle now. I say the hell with it and throw another punch with it. He's desperate. He is tired, and then I figure, well, he thought that he'd come out here and pick the bones off Homer Seltz. The bum is likely out of shape himself.

We look across our gloves, the two of us, and it is like it always was. Dixie always knew I'd catch him. Now he



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is afraid. I wave my arms around and worry him. Both my hands are gone. My left will stand another shot or two, but that is all. In a clinch he tries to hold me like a mustard plaster. But I shove him off and hit him with my forearm. That is quite a trick. I should've thought of that before. I feel the bridge go in his nose and then the bell takes him away from me and I can't get another shot at him.

But in the eighth round Dixie tries again. Maybe Victor stuck a needle into him. He knows that I've got two bum hands. He keeps his left hand out, he keeps on moving very fancy and he looks for just a little while the way a champion should look. He shortens up his left and hooks it hard into my face. I have to hold on to a rope to keep from going down. He punches for a minute, or maybe thirty seconds, and then he's through. His nose looks like a summer squash. I say to him, although he doesn't hear me, no one does, I say, "It's my turn, Dixie."

I kiss the outside of my gloves. I rub them once against my chest. I walk in and rub the laces of my gloves along his face. I hold his left hand in my right armpit, so that he can't punch at me. I bring my head up underneath his chin. He tries to get away but he is just as tired as me. He is no faster now. He just stands there feeling sorry for himself. I'm busier than that.

I say the hell with what it does to me and toss a left hook down the alley. It hits him square and he goes down. He goes down slowly, to his knees, then to his glovetips, and the way he goes I know he is hurt.

The referee is counting over him. It doesn't matter that my two hands are on fire. This is the champion on the floor. The count is "five" and Dixie moves. I know that he can get up if he wants to, that he isn't hurt that bad. He quits, the bum, and everybody knows it. He looks at me. He sees the stories of our lives each time he looks at me. The referee says "Ten!" and Dixie's face goes flat against the floor again. There'll be no fights for Dixie after this, no hundred thousand dollars in the bank, no beautiful two-toned cars to ride in. Dixie's in the ashcan and those aren't tears around my eyes, it's perspiration you see.

For me? Well, I'm all right, I guess. I'm right back where I started. Got the property, the wife, the kid, and I had enough dough on the fight to build that gasoline and service station pretty soon. I hocked my clothes, my watch and got a few bucks out of Joe Fiora. The odds were very fine and it is nice to have green money in the pockets of your pants. And in the showers, with that sweet cold rain against the bruises, it is nice to think of what Rita and I will say to each other, and it is nice to think of what our pals will say, back in the neighborhood where we were kids.

Because I always knew that I could lick that bum.

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## SECRETARIES AND LODGE

## CORRESPONDENTS

### PLEASE NOTE

The Elks Magazine wants to print as much news of Subordinate Lodge activities as it can possibly handle. There are, of course, the limitations of space and that all important problem of time. We must send the magazine to our printer considerably in advance of the day it reaches you each month.

Therefore, will you note on your records that all material sent for publication in The Elks Magazine should be in our hands not later than the 15th of the second month preceding the date of issue of the Magazine—for example, news items intended for the January issue should reach us by November 15th.



# High Horse

(Continued from page 13)

gotten out of Rocky Valley what he wanted; and that had kept him plenty busy . . . but maybe a man should be a little broader than that. . . .

"Well, we all lose a few head of cattle now and then," Ormstung drawled on carelessly. "Remember the days, Tom, long ago, when we didn't care too damned much about whose hides we slapped our brands on? Have another drink."

But Brant, with a sudden impulse, shoved the bottle away. Vaguely he felt some need for justification to outweigh his ruthless campaign against Tompkins. "I'll go and see Hank anyway," he said and turned from the bar. "I'll see you later, Lee."

Lee Ormstung's hand gripped the bottle and held it up for a moment as if he were studying its label, then he looked up at Brant and smiled. He poured himself another drink. "Take it easy now, Tom. Don't go and get too damned full of civic virtue. Well, anyhow, here's to the survival of the fittest, like you said."

Facing momentarily southwest at the corner of Hogarth's store Brant saw the dust cloud from Tompkins' herd boil closer. Down at the depot the racket had subsided somewhat in the pens, changing into the uneasy lowing of closely crowded cattle. Soon the whistle would sound and the train be on its way. He considered coldly that Tompkins might get desperate and pick a fight with him. That was part of life and the thought of it did not bother him half as much as Tucker's changed attitude, his almost championing of the younger man. Brant did not understand it; rather, it took him by surprise. They had built this country rough, and they were running it rough.

The heat was heavy on him and he felt suddenly weary. He headed for the sheriff's office, with Tompkins on his mind, and did not see Garner swing out of Larrabee's saloon immediately after he passed. Garner's face was pale and tight and he walked up the boardwalk after Brant as if in a trance. Stiffly he stopped in his tracks, pulled a gun from its holster and deliberately drew a bead between Brant's shoulder blades.

Brant whirled upon a loud scream, followed by the report of the gun; his hand flicking instantly to his own weapon.

Garner stood dumb-foundedly rubbing his right wrist; the six-gun on the walk in front of him. Fac-

ing him angrily was a young lady, her face flushed, her sunbonnet awry as she shook a broken-handled parasol at him. A crowd began to collect.

Garner made a move to retrieve the gun, but Brant beat him to it and kicked it out into the dust of the road. "You kind of forgot to call your shot, didn't you, Garner?" Brant kept his swift anger in check, the surprise of the thing holding him. "Now, get on with you. Don't let me catch you packing a gun again in this town. Go on!"

Garner, now still paler, said nothing, only stared at him with hateful regret. He looked then at the girl as if to say something, but thought better of it and suddenly shouldered his way through the crowd. Brant turned to the girl. "I'm beholden to you," he said a little stiffly. "I owe you my life."

A pair of interested, frank eyes looked up into his. She was a handsome brunette with small firmly moulded features and a square little cleft chin. "Don't thank me," she said. "I just happened out of the store and saw him aim at your back. It was so sudden; I just had to do something." He could see that she was wondering who he was. "Why, anybody would have done the same," she added.

There had been several people near when Garner made the attempt; now, as her glance took in the gradually dispersing crowd, the silent wonder as to why no one else had called out, settled in her eyes. She studied Brant's powerful figure, the square,

deeply tanned, willful countenance with the harsh lines that the years had engraved upon it; there was an ever so slight touch of silver at his temples . . . it was quite obvious that she was impressed.

Brant had taken the broken parasol from her; it was an incongruous object in his hands. "I'm sorry about that," he said, trying to guess who she was. "Allow me to get you a new one. That's the very least I can do. If there's anything. . . ."

"Oh, that's nothing." She smiled for the first time and he saw then the resemblance to Tim Hanford, whose daughter she must be, having recently returned from a school for young ladies in the East. It now occurred to him that young Tompkins was Hanford's neighbor. "But you almost make me think you dislike being beholden to a woman for your life," she attempted to chide him.

"Now I wouldn't say that. . . ." he began uneasily.

Of a sudden her demeanor changed completely as a remark from a distant bystander reached her ear; she took the parasol from him and backed away a step. "You're Mr. Brant, aren't you?" she said breathlessly as if making a startling discovery.

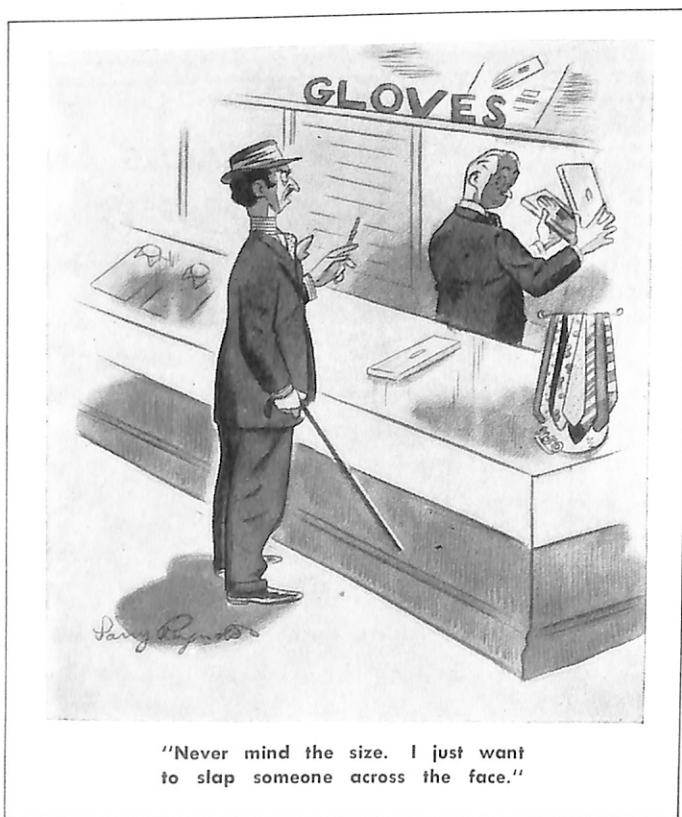
His glance was enough answer and color flooded her cheeks, lightning flashed in her eyes. "Of course I can't say I'm sorry I prevented you from being shot," she pronounced icily. "No, I can't say that. I don't wish anyone's death, Mr. Brant. . . ."

She turned abruptly and went on her way down the street as if they had never met.

He watched the defiant lilt and sureness in her walk; and found it just then an old and empty feeling, being Tom Brant of Rocky Valley. A girl like that was something his life had been entirely without; and he wondered if there had been young women as frank and honest, as beautiful and forceful in existence when he was Ben Tompkins' age.

Black Cloud was unruly and fought the bit as he mounted, and he had to use the quirt a couple of times after he got into the saddle. The great beast cantered dancingly up toward the end of town, kicking up the dust, jittery and seemingly out of sorts.

As he neared the railroad yard there was suddenly in him an unreasonable desire to call Gleason and tell him to unload; to drive the herd back to range . . . an impulse to tear up the check Colonel Joe had given him. It shook





him, this unexpected mood, and he fought it down. Behind it he saw Garner's angry face, remembered Tompkins' stubbornness and the Hanford girl's beautiful, flashing eyes. . . . "You're Mr. Brant!" . . . Yes, by Gad, he was!

At this moment the locomotive gave two shrill blasts and the exhaust valves spewed steam with a great racket as the train got under way. The stallion jumped sideways and reared, wheeled unexpectedly, plunked forelegs into the dust, head down, and bucked.

The hard-packed ground hit Brant, jarring his hip and shoulder and knocking the breath out of him. There was dust in his face and mouth when he stood up as swiftly as he was able and watched Black Cloud canter crazily along the buildings. The dispatcher and a brakeman stared stupidly from the horse to him, astonishment in their features.

This was beyond cursing and Brant stood still with the quirt in his hand. He pressed back the thoughts that came. He did not believe in omens.

A rider galloped into sight and dabbed a quick loop on the stallion. Snubbing closer on the horn he managed to catch the bridle reins. With mingled feelings Brant saw that it was Lee Ormstung.

"Well, Tom, so he threw you at last, did he?"

Brant grinned and took the rein. "Looks like it. That damned train."

There was a studying wonder in Ormstung's eyes as he looked down at Brant; as if it was such an unbelievable thing that a horse should unseat him. Brant was patting Black Cloud's neck, calming the animal down. "So you would throw me, you black cuss," he said softly. "So you would throw me."

Ormstung said, "Your gun, Tom. You've dropped it."

Brant took his foot from the stirrup to look for the weapon, startled that he had not noticed this himself. Black Cloud danced friskily away at the end of the rein, thinking him discouraged in mounting. He stepped on the gun and picked it up.

"As popular as you're getting to be," Lee advised, "you may need that tonight." He watched Brant prepare to mount again; but both he and the horse were fooled if they had any anticipations. From the saddle, Brant saw again the dust billow against the lowering sun, from the now much nearer trailherd. In less than another hour the outfit would be in town. "I'm going to the sheriff's office," he said, wheeling the horse about with an iron grip. "After that, if anybody should want me, I'll be down at the Texas Steer."

Ormstung said, "You're a cool number, Tom."

Gertrude Langwell had inherited Rocky Valley's largest saloon and gambling establishment from her husband; and to the consternation and disapproval of the ladies of the town she had managed it, and managed it well during the years since his death. She kept no girls in her

place, and no one could ever point a finger at her; yet the line between the supposedly good and the supposedly bad people in Rocky Valley was a sharp and merciless line. She was a woman who knew her own mind and had her own pride; and she knew a loneliness that matched Brant's.

As soon as he entered the Texas Steer, Gertrude, hearing his voice at the bar, came out of the rear office and asked him in. His favorite brand of whiskey was on the table, but he refused her offer to drink and just sat quietly, studying his cigar, answering her questions as to how things were going. He noticed presently that she was watching him with a peculiar light in her eyes, nervous little glints of fear coming and going in them.

"What's bothering you, Tom?" she said as he was about to make an annoyed remark.

"Bothering me?"

"What about Garner?" she said worriedly.

"So you heard about that already?" He guffawed. "What makes you think something is fretting me?"

She came over to his chair and pulled his head gently toward her, running her hand across his hair. "Something is," she said softly.

He got abruptly to his feet and strode to the window. "What the hell should?" There was a clear view across the plain, in the direction of his ranch, though that was far out of sight beyond a distant vague undulating line of blue hills. A wind rustled the dry stiff grass. Dry stiff grass, or no grass, was what Ben Tompkins would have from now on. He had no river flats . . . yet at this moment the dead grass seemed more significant to Brant himself than to Tompkins. Inadvertently he found himself likening his life to a long crossing of a dry grass plain where he really seemed to have got nowhere. Cattle, dust, and sweat and blood; a little raw fun now and again; money, yes, plenty of money, but it was just one great cycle . . . or maybe circle. . . .

"You know there's talk about putting up Ben Tompkins for sheriff," Gertrude tried gingerly. "Is that it?"

"Sheriff?" he said. "Sheriff?" He laughed roughly and guffawed, covering up the fact that he was startled. "Well, he'll need some kind of job when I'm through with him, but I'm afraid he won't get that one. I've got a sheriff."

"Who can tell," she said pensively. "Now, after all, Tom, what have you really got against him?"

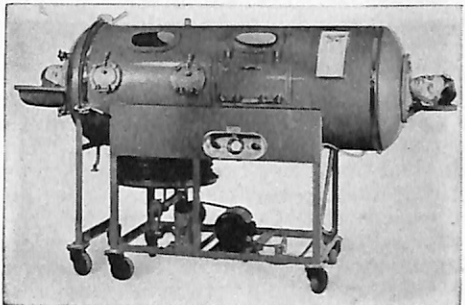
He had no direct answer to that, and she went on, "I mean, Tom, other than that he's young and strong and trying; that he's the kind of fellow whom you don't push around easily." She added significantly, "I think you know the kind."

She was the only person who could speak freely to him, and he was not angry, but he said, "You're poor company today, Gertrude."



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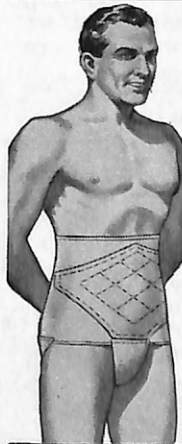
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She came over and busied herself brushing off his clothes by the light of the window. "You're all dirty—what happened?"

"Black Cloud threw me," he said offhandedly.

He found her silence more uncomfortable than any comment, and she said presently, "But maybe Tompkins has a chance. Don't you think it is time people got tired of the conditions around here?"

Brant went back to the table and sat down again. "You too?" he said. "Well, if you're so interested, I've told Hank Tyler to collect himself some wide-awake deputies and do something about it."

"You have?"

She had not meant to sound quite so startled, but it slipped out. He looked up at her tone and saw something akin to surprise in her face; he recalled the Colonel's pointed remarks and Hank's ill-concealed amazement at the order. "What's eating everybody today?" he demanded. "Do I usually talk just to hear my own voice?"

She kept regarding him strangely, and at the same time fondly; it irritated him. He suddenly could not help comparing her mature good looks and fine face with the proud, vibrant beauty of the Hanford girl, and a small bitter longing gnawed at him. "Tom," she said gravely. "We've never talked about this . . . because well, because it had nothing to do with you and me or our friendship." She shrugged. "After all, we're in this world to get what we want most, the best way we see fit. . . ."

This was like Colonel Joe saying, "And where are you, Tom?" He said angrily, "What on earth are you driving at? You talk in riddles!"

"Tom," she went on in that odd tone, "you're the biggest man here. Everybody's afraid of you . . . even those who deceive you; even your friends. You've pretty much run this place for a long while. I have wondered, do you really know how you've run it?"

He did not answer her for a long spell, so long that she thought he would force the subject aside; but at last he said, "Pretty rough, I guess. Pretty slipshod too in some things, I imagine. I've taken what I wanted; and I wasn't raised to be gentle. I always had to fight for what I got; I still have to fight to keep it."

"You don't know," she said slowly, carefully, "that people think your friendship is behind the outfits that are trimming the herds . . . that they think the reason Tyler does nothing is because it's all right with you. . . . That your friends . . . but Tom, no . . .

you don't know. . . No, you couldn't."

"Hold on; hold on," he said, laughing a little. "What's that?" Then silence suddenly clamped his mouth shut and he just sat there. This was too simple, too ridiculous, too obvious, too fantastic; and yet a horrible, growing, overwhelming feeling that this was the truth swamped and engulfed him like a rising wave, pressing his chest, choking him so he could not even look up at Gertrude, but only stare at the wall.

"They think that a lot of the things that have been going on are all right with you, as long as you have your way, as long as you don't lose anything . . . that you don't care then how rotten the law is, but even give protection through your control of the town council. . . ."

He made a gesture and she stopped speaking; there was nothing more she could say; then his hand found the bottle and he mechanically poured himself half a tumbler of whiskey, which he tossed off without feeling it. Memories, incidents, snatches of conversation came back to him in a sudden endless stream. He tried to press them away, but in vain. This was not just a case of who was a thief and who was getting away with what . . . this concerned something deep within him, something he had overlooked and missed the significance of all his life, and the impact of it made him reel in a dizzy swirl. So he'd been the lone, all-powerful, one-man boss riding the high horse? Even Gertrude was afraid of him. No one knew him, no one ever got really close. Was it possible that a man could be this blind?

He sat for uncounted minutes, then

rose and broke his gun for examination. Gertrude stirred and came toward him, tremblingly, "What are you going to do, Tom?"

"Have a talk with somebody," he said in a voice she did not know.

"Oh, Tom," she said then, the breath going from her. "That's not the way. Nothing was ever settled that way, and you know it. Tom, I'm afraid. Don't go now. . . . Garner, and maybe even Ben, and . . . and. . . . Don't go, please!"

He moved her gently aside from the door, and even through this touch she felt the enormous raging strength in him. "You thought me a common cattle thief," he said and went out.

It was the time between dusk and absolute dark when the day has died out and the night's activities not yet begun. The streets seemed deserted, lights growing reluctantly in yellow squares along the house rows. From the other end of town came the faint roar of Tompkins' herd, and by now some of the riders would be in, gathering at Larrabee's and Tucker House, while Ben Tompkins saw Colonel Joe.

Unhitching Black Cloud, Brant changed his mind about riding and stood there for a moment while the great beast regarded him nervously, moving hither and yon in anticipation of another contest. Someone stirred at an alley corner and he had a feeling of being watched. The stallion snorted. Hasty uncertain steps moved toward him and old Buck's withered shape stopped several yards away before approaching gingerly. "Mistah Brant, suh?" he said.

"Yes, Buck?"

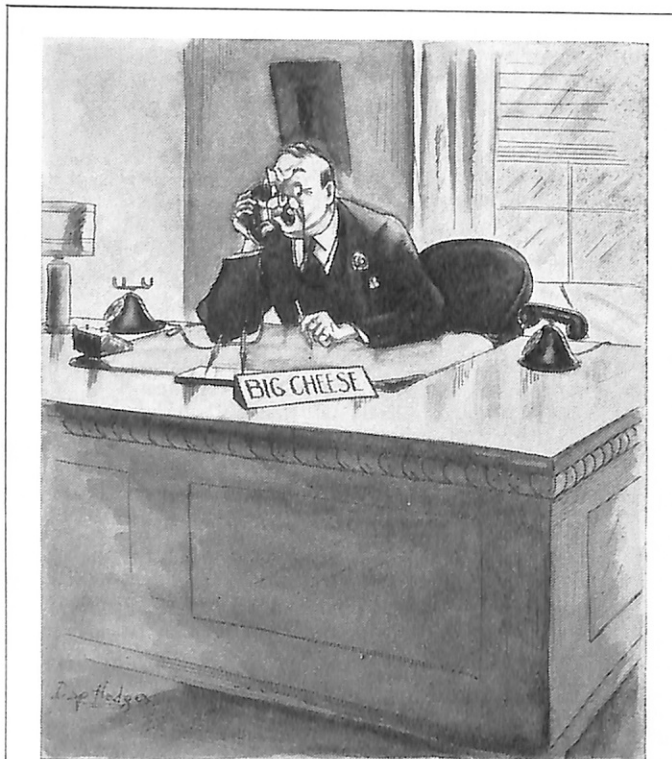
"Dey . . . dey say foh me to tell you dat young Mistah Tompkins an' Mistah Garnah is out a'lookin' foh you, suh."

"Who says for you to tell me?"

The darky was nervous and hesitant. "Why . . . why, everybody . . . everybody, suh. All over town sayin' so, yessuh."

"All right, thank you, Buck." The darky disappeared hastily. Brant almost chuckled. So this was the game? Neither Colonel Tucker nor his wife would have the lack of regard for him merely to send a servant to warn him. It was pretty transparent; so he was to ride high wide and handsome till somebody decided to have him shot down in the street of his own town? No, this didn't happen to him, not to Tom Brant.

People who saw him coming moved unobtrusively out of his way. At Meeker's livery corral a figure swung suddenly into the light of the gate lantern, blocking his way. "Brant!" said a tightly strung, but



"Get me the sign company. There seems to be some misunderstanding."



cool voice. It was Garner—alone. "Get out of my way," said Brant without anger. "I want no trouble with you." His voice was flat and preoccupied.

"But I want trouble with you! I never shot a man in the back before . . . I was out of my mind. I'm ready to make up for it." Garner's breath came hard, "I'll walk to the corner there and give you the draw. You can pull your gun now . . . an' I'll take my own chances on killing you."

Brant stepped close to him. "Don't be a damned fool, Garner," he said in a tone that was almost kind. "I don't want to kill you. Get your brave notions out of your head."

Garner said, "Pull your gun, Brant!"

"I got better things to do," said Brant firmly and moved around him and on his way. As he reached the alley corner a shot exploded behind him, the bullet tearing at his left shoulder. He spun half about, crashed into a doorway and stumbled to the step, his gun out, thumb flicking the hammer back.

Garner came toward him, hands high and empty. "Brant, Brant! I didn't shoot! I didn't shoot! I swear to . . ."

Two shots came in quick succession, the breath of one, brushing Brant's cheek and smashing the panel of the door. Garner was now flat on his face with a yell that drowned in a groan. He hunched over on his side and lay still on the edge of the walk.

Firing twice at the corner of the stable entrance Brant moved toward the building, keeping in the shadow. In the sudden quiet someone sprinted

down the length of the stable walk inside. A back door led to the wagon yard behind. Feeling the warm blood trickle down his arm, Brant ran softly between the stable wall and the corral fence toward the yard. A shape rounded the far end of the wall, stopped in surprise and fired as Brant hit a patch of light.

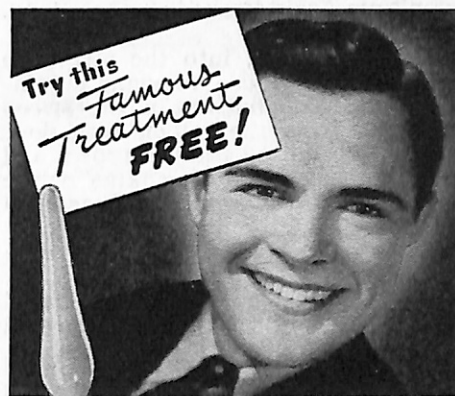
The aim was too quick. The shot missed, and Brant saw his own shot swing the man against the corner and out of sight. He dashed to the end of the building, shooting at a blur of movement near an old coach. He got an instant answer which went wide. They waited then, while the horses in the corral milled about, filling the air with dust. Hidden by the stable shadow and the dust, Brant walked toward the coach, intent on not letting the other get away. Ducking under the rear boot he saw the man stumble over a buckboard pole, trying to escape. Brant held his fire. "Get up!"

"Wait, wait," the man coughed and rolled in under the vehicle, firing in the same motion. Brant threw a shot at the spurt of flame. He walked through the acrid wisps of smoke and turned the man face up.

He did not recognize him for certain, but thought he had once seen him in one of Lee Ormstung's trail crews. Breaking his gun he reloaded as fast as he was able. A tiny dizziness tried to bother him, but he ignored it. Out in the now completely empty street he knelt down by Garner and put his hand inside the fallen man's shirt. "Where did he get you?" Garner's heart was still beating; he groaned faintly, mumblingly, like a sick pup. "Don't die,



"Don't know why I'm telling you this, buddy, or why I even thought of it, but I just can't see you married to Hedy Lamarr."



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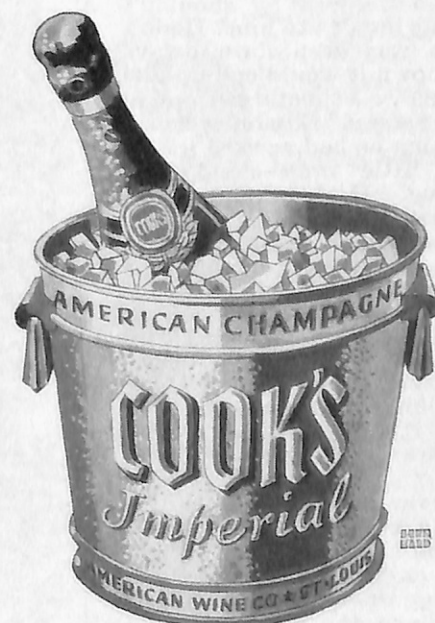


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don't die," said Brant in a queer tone. "Hang on."

A man swung into the street up near Tucker House, carrying a Winchester in readiness. In the sweep of light from the saloon next door Brant recognized the tall crown and wide brim of Ben Tompkins' white Stetson. Brant rose and hastened toward him, stopping about seventy yards away in the yellow glow of a solitary street light.

"Tompkins!" he roared. "Get back! Get out of sight . . . into the hotel before . . ."

He had not finished as the other sprang into the shadow of Tolson's wooden awning and swung the rifle to his cheek. Brant got a violent jolt in his left side and the wind was knocked from him. He backed over against the house wall to support himself.

"Hold your fire! Hold on! Tompkins, you fool! Wait!"

But the man was aiming carefully now, making the rifle speak again, the bullets cracking into the wall about him. He felt a jar in his left thigh and sank to his knees, gripped by sudden, overwhelming nausea. He knew now he had made a mistake in calling out. So this was how it ended. . . . In a whirling, flashing panorama he saw his life rush by: the Colonel, his herds, his men, Hank Tyler, Gertrude, Ben Tompkins, bucking him; Tim Hanford's daughter, something he had missed or been cheated of. And last, Lee Ormstung's long face; Lee who was eternally waiting for some cue, while he laughed and talked and drank and rode. . . . The smoky-eyed slow Norseman always waiting, waiting.

He had wiggled into the little nook where Sander-son's hardware store and Gimpy's old closed-up saloon joined. His gun hand was taking careful shots at the man on the other side of the street. Oh, what a high-riding blind fool he had been. Why shouldn't this happen to him? Hadn't he 'way deep down always known it would end up like this . . . shooting it out in the street? Gambling everything he had worked for on a little brass-cased lead slug. He'd never grown, really; everything was just back where it started. . . .

He sat still against the nook, waiting his chance, playing possum as his adversary moved steadily down the other side of the street. His vitality kept ebbing from him and he gritted his teeth and cursed. He wasn't finished now . . . no, not now. He'd never accept that. It was the survival of the fittest and he was still the biggest man in the valley. The biggest—or the smallest; maybe the jump was not so great.

Hasty steps thudded across the dust as the other ran into range for a last sure shot. The rifle lever clicked and Brant heard the quick hard breathing of the man; then the muffled snap of the pin on an empty chamber, and a violent curse.

A sudden racket and clamor of voices farther up the street made the steps retreat. Brant strained to his feet, feeling the weight of the whole earth upon his shoulders, needles of excruciating pain stabbing through him as he staggered to the hitchrail.

"Lee!" he called. "Lee Ormstung!"

ORMSTUNG threw off Ben Tompkins' white hat and tossed the rifle aside. Drawing his revolver he ran a few yards closer and fired simultaneously with Brant. Brant left the rail and moved out toward him. His second shot knocked Ormstung down, but then the gun was empty and he reeled in the wagon ruts while Lee crawled back on the boardwalk and took shelter behind a rain barrel.

He was face to face with it now, in the middle of it. There had been the three of them: Brant, Ormstung and Tompkins; and like a blundering, stupid fool he had picked the wrong man to fight. It was dark, but he needed no light to see the Norseman's face and shrewd eyes before him. He could read it now; ironically knew, now that his blood was running, what that hungry look in those smoky-blue orbs had always meant. Cattle? What did Ormstung care about cattle? Ambition for power and dreams of Empire were what had smoldered in him all these years, hidden and tempered by slyness and strength. He would take Brant's seat

on the high horse; Colonel Joe was old, and Ben Tompkins' coming into the picture had made the perfect set-up; Garner had unwittingly stepped in to help, like a fate's handyman. Play one against the other; make everybody think that Tompkins is doing the stealing to get back at Brant . . . and wait in the background, you crafty pokerface, while you dream of power. . . . You never could tell what was in some men . . . and he'd have Tyler and the council in the hollow of his hand. . . .

Very neat, Lee. Very neat . . . but not quite yet. . . .

It took him all eternity to load . . . but he had three shells in now; then Brant's empire reeled about him and the street came up and hit him and he rolled in the dust, the gun slipping from his hand.

Still he could see Lee rise from the barrel and support himself out to stand against an awning upright, slowly lifting his gun for aim. And Brant somehow could not reach his.

There was a roar and a bullet slammed into the dirt near his head. Somebody came running down from Tucker House and he heard Ben Tompkins call out Lee Ormstung's name sharply; then two shots came in close succession and Brant saw Lee fold over forward and slowly, terribly slowly, roll off the boardwalk.

Presently, through a dull blackness above, he heard many voices, and sounds of feet approaching from all sides, thumping the ground under him. Ben Tompkins said, "The louse took my hat from Tucker's hallway . . . I heard a racket and came out to see. . . ."

"Looks like it takes a thief to kill a thief," somebody said.

"No, no!" Ben's voice protested sharply. "I have never believed that. Not a chance. Tom Brant a thief? He was much too big for that. There was nothing small about him whatever you can say. . . ."

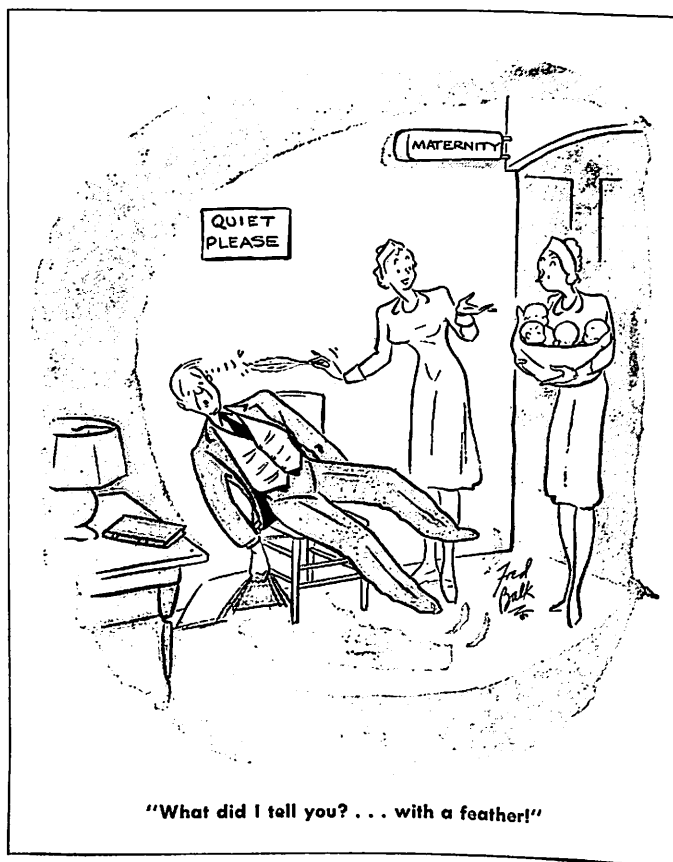
Gertrude was close to him, her arms lifting him upward. "Tom! Tom! Speak to me!" Gertrude's arms never left him.

Presently he was lying more comfortable, and hands were busy working on him. He said, "Gertrude, I've been a damned fool . . . a damned fool. Sorry . . . some men learn so slow. . . ." It was the greatest admission he ever made to another.

"Don't talk now," she said.

He breathed heavily. "Maybe I should make Ben Tompkins sheriff after all," he managed.

She took his head in her hands and he could feel her cheek against his. There was admiration and exasperation and fear and wonder in her voice. "Oh, Tom," she cried. "Tom!"



"What did I tell you? . . . with a feather!"



## Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 30)

membership in Albany Lodge in 1920. He was appointed State Sergeant-at-Arms by Past State President James A. Farley, served under all of the succeeding presidents, and was reappointed at the 1941 State convention in June.

Services for Mr. Hastings were held by the officers of Albany Lodge, with Elks from many distant as well as nearby lodges joining the Albany members in paying respect to his memory. For many years Mr. Hastings served his lodge as assistant superintendent.

### St. Albans, Vt., Lodge Initiates a Class Named for Judge McClelland

St. Albans, Vt., Lodge, No. 1566, was one of the first lodges of the Order to initiate a class in honor of the new Grand Exalted Ruler. Nine candidates were inducted into the lodge at the regular meeting on August 5 as members of the John S. McClelland Class.

### Lima, O., Elks Take Children To the Auglaize County Fair

This year, as usual, Lima, O., Lodge, No. 54, gave the young residents of the Allen County Children's Home a day at the Auglaize County Fair. The children were taken to and from the Fair Grounds in two large buses, with State Patrol escort. The committee members in charge, P.E.R. Robert M. Lane and Trustee A. W. Cantwell, were assisted by a committee of ladies.

Everything was done to make the day one of complete enjoyment. A special show was arranged for the children by P.D.D. Harry Kahn, of Wapakoneta Lodge. Mr. Kahn is Secretary of the Auglaize County Fair Board.

### Service Men Are Entertained by San Francisco, California, Lodge

San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, was host to approximately one thousand selectees and service men of the regular army personnel from Fort Cronkhite, Marin County, California, in the lodge room on August 28. The festivities were opened by a few remarks of greeting by E.R. George Devine, Jr.

Special entertainment and a dance had been arranged by John P. O'Brien, Chairman of the Committee. The men in uniform had plenty of dancing partners, as an equal number of San Francisco girls had been invited.

### Inglewood Lodge Retains Southern California Golf Championship

Inglewood, Calif., Lodge, No. 1492, successfully defended its Southern California Elks Golf League championship this Fall in a final match at Rio Hondo, playing against Whittier, Calif., Lodge, No. 1258, and winning with a score of eleven to seven. As a result, the Joe Sempers Trophy won by Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99 in 1939, the year it was donated, and by Inglewood Lodge in 1940, remained in the latter's possession.

The Inglewood team was captained by Byron Livingston. The final standing of the leading teams was as follows: First, Inglewood, 103.5 points; Second, Long Beach, 98.5; Third, Los Angeles, 96; Fourth, Alhambra, 94; Fifth, Whittier, 91; Sixth, Monrovia, 58.

## FALSE TEETH

*were Untrue to Grandma Gray*

**BUT THE KIDS ALL LOVE HER NOW!**

*The kindness of Grandma Gray  
Made kiddies all adore her.*

*No wonder she was hurt when they  
Decided to ignore her.*

*The truth was that they could not stand  
The odor nor the sight*

*Of Granny's FALSE TEETH;  
though by hand,  
She scrubbed them day and night.*



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Powder to half a glass  
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plate or bridge 10 to  
15 minutes. Rinse, and  
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You soak plates clean and sweet!"

Since Granny has, the kiddies make  
Her life serene and nice.

If you wear PLATES, you too should take  
This POLIDENT advice.

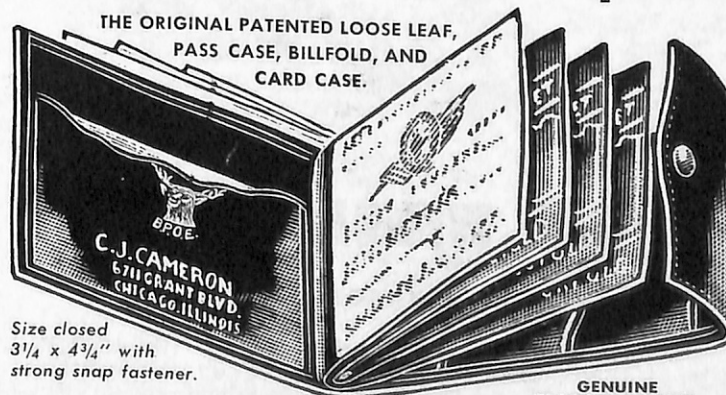


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**Mr. Ransom takes a short look  
at Resorts in the middle South.**



Wide World Photos

# Vacations

## UNLIMITED

**By John Ransom**

**N**OW is the time for a round-up of the resorts of the middle South, from West Virginia to Georgia. There are so many of them that we have not space to cover them all. So we have picked at random enough of them to give you vacationists a good idea of what they have to offer.

We'll take first the famous southern Springs. White Sulphur in West Virginia has been popular since 1778. The Hotel Greenbrier, which calls it-

self "America's Most Beautiful Resort", is located on the southern slopes of the Alleghenies at an elevation of 2,000 feet. With its comfortable accommodations and spacious public lounges (air-conditioned auditorium), it is a complete city under one roof, surrounded by 300 acres of lawns dotted with attractive cottages.

Its 7,000 acres provide a magnificent country estate for recreation and year 'round enjoyment. Here are

complete facilities for golf (45 holes), tennis, riding (250 miles of bridle trails), aviation, skeet, swimming and other popular sports; also fine music, dancing and nightly movies. The Baths department has sundry health-giving baths for those who enjoy them.

Next on the list is Virginia's Hot Springs. The story of Hot Springs is writ over many pages in the book of time. It was first established as a health and pleasure resort sometime in the middle 18th century, and in 1846 there was built "a modern hotel". Since that time its existence has been continuous; and for almost a hundred years it has held a foremost place among resorts of America.

People first came to Virginia Hot Springs to bathe in the hot mineral springs. The modern Spa developed around the use of these springs, and the consequent service rendered to ailing humanity has been the fundamental reason for its long and successful existence.

Don't get the idea that only those particularly favored with an abundance of worldly goods can afford these two resorts. It ain't true. There are accommodations suited for everyone's pocket.

For the traveler with the historical bug, there's always Williamsburg, Virginia. Williamsburg is one of the most historic cities in America.

The College of William and Mary, second oldest in the United States, was founded there in 1693. Jamestown, where the first permanent English settlement in America was established in 1607, is six miles southwest of the city. Yorktown, where the struggle for American independence ended in victory, is fifteen miles away.

After Williamsburg, it's a short hop to Richmond—capital of the Cavaliers—a city that is mellow and yet modern, where the rustle of the past may still be heard amid the bustle of the present. Richmond has seen much of the thrilling history of our country unfold.

She was hostess to that brilliant group of patriots who gathered in St. John's Church in 1775 to discuss what methods could be taken to avert war with England, only to have Patrick Henry, grown sick of futile measures which obtained no justice for the colonists, rise to advocate the arming of the Virginia militia and utter those words which made him the embodiment of man's immortal will to freedom. She was the capital of the State from which Thomas Jefferson, Governor of Virginia, had to flee to prevent capture when Benedict Arnold swooped down on Richmond in 1781 and occupied the city for the British in America's war for independence. Cornwallis visited it later in the same year. She was a thriving center of commerce in 1812 when the city was often alarmed by the news that the British were coming again, and in 1846 when her "Grays" were accepted for service in the Mexican War. She was the capital.

(Continued on page 56)



## Read 'Em and Win

(Continued from page 8)

emotionally to give its best performance. Walsh realized that the team, which had not played a game since beating N.Y.U. a month before, needed a special stimulus to stir it up spiritually, and the ruse he cooked up with Super worked in spectacular fashion. The piece Super actually put on the wire for the U.P. was a straightaway, factual story of the game, devoid of prediction, scandal and editorial comment.

That anecdote is noteworthy only because Crowley was a victim, rather than the inspiration, of an ancient, bewhiskered gag in football. Every week during the season every coach in America is striving desperately to dream up a psychological stunt which will provoke shrill screams of indignation in his players. An angry team determined to make someone eat those snide, scurrilous and sarcastic words is a dangerous team and the invented or real letter, telegram or newspaper story is one of the very best gags for bringing out the beast in the heroes.

"Read 'em and win" is a maxim football coaches learn early in life. Most players are insulted roundly and regularly by their coaches and after a while the kids realize the Old Man is not to be taken seriously. But they will react with gratifying alacrity to outside criticism.

YALE suffered its most disastrous season in history last year but old Eli astonished everyone, including itself, by popping up with an inspired performance against then-unbeaten Cornell. The needle there was furnished unwittingly by a caustic customer. Just before the teams went out on the field, a small package was delivered to Ducky Pond in the Yale locker room. The package was unwrapped carefully. A toy adding machine was disclosed.

"This will help you keep track of Cornell's score," the enclosed note read.

It was not necessary for Mr. Pond to deliver a pep talk that day. Yale lost, 21-0, but held Cornell to its lowest score of the season up to that point.

In 1931, when Louisiana was Huey Long's private oyster, the Kingfish was taking a tremendous personal interest in the L.S.U. football team. To give his adopted boys an added incentive for beating the ears off Tulane, L.S.U.'s traditional rival, the Kingfish was reported to have offered a bounty for the heads of various Tulane players, an ennobling thought duly communicated to the public by the industrious sports-writing brethren of New Orleans. Red Dawson, Tulane coach, recalls that Long neglected to put a price on Wop Glover, the right half-back. Glover regarded the oversight as a grievous personal affront, played the game of his life and rout-

ed L.S.U., virtually single-handedly, by a 34-7 score.

The most underrated and maligned team of modern times was the Columbia squad which went to the Rose Bowl in 1934 and slapped a stunning 7-0 defeat on Stanford. Newspaper stories ridiculing Columbia's chances appeared all over the country, but the crack Lou Little credits with infuriating the team appeared in the Middle West.

"To complete a humorous situation and make the Rose Bowl game a total farce, they should have the four Marx brothers as officials," a funny man observed. Loud sneers preceded the Columbia kids across the continent, but they resented particularly the reference to the Marx brothers. Diligent research fails to reveal that Groucho, Harpo, Chico and Zeppo ever played in anybody's backfield, but they were very much in the ball game that New Year's Day.

KNUTEROCKNE, the master steam-er-upper, subscribed to a clipping bureau which was ordered to furnish only those stories uncomplimentary to Notre Dame. Dutch Meyer, T.C.U. coach, admits one piece in a Houston paper touched off the spark which presently made Texas Christian the standout in the Southwest. Texas Christian, no ball of fire in 1934, had lost three games before meeting Rice, then the top dog in the Conference. A landslide for Rice was predicted on all sides and one brash expert boldly announced Rice would win by 30 points, at least. Meyer took the paper into the locker room while his gladiators were climbing into their monkey suits.

"I guess we might as well quit now and go home," Meyer told his men with a negligent shrug. "There's no sense playing a game we've already lost by 30 points."

He went on to read a few pertinent paragraphs written by his good, although unknown, friend. T.C.U. won the ball game, 7-2.

Jack Hagerty used the same stunt, with sound effects, to keep Georgetown's winning streak of 21 consecutive games intact last season. The Hoyas, unbeaten for three years, were beginning to get a rush of self-esteem to the head and Hagerty knew he needed some old-fashioned fight and determination to beat Syracuse. His problem was solved the Friday morning Georgetown arrived in Syracuse. The local morning paper carried a column impugning Georgetown's record and assuring the constituents that Syracuse, fresh from a victory over Columbia, would have little difficulty trouncing the visiting bums.

The next move by Hagerty was to make the column available to every member of the squad. A Georgetown alumnus told him the author of the

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document broadcast every night and usually elaborated on his column. That evening Hagerty assembled his players in a large room containing a radio and they listened attentively while the provincial pundit took their record apart and described the harrowing misfortunes Georgetown would encounter on the morrow.

"Instead of an overconfident team, our kids looked as if they were hungry for their first victory," Mr. Hagerty confides. "They scored on their first offensive play of the game and walked off the field with a 26-6 decision."

Standard equipment in every football locker room is a bulletin board prominently displayed so that the players can't miss it when they report for practice. On the board are newspaper and magazine articles favorable to the opposition and disparaging the alma mater, with the choice passages heavily underlined and amplified in appropriate marginal notes. An assistant coach usually selects and edits the material used on the board, and his favorite dish is a printed interview with a rival coach who puts the blast on the team by innuendo or indirection.

College coaches are not the morose gents they appear to be; they cultivate deliberately a pessimistic attitude toward their own teams because they have before them always a picture of that bulletin board in another locker room. Having made good use of the gag themselves, they have a psychopathic horror of issu-

ing a statement which may be held against them in the future. A winning team is much like a low license plate: it's nice to have, but it can be too conspicuous when trouble looms.

When fuel for the bulletin board is scarce, some coaches are not above a bare-faced fraud worked in collusion with the undergraduate editor of the student paper. The coach, hoping to induce a high fever of indignation among his players, will compose an interview supposed to be with the coach of a coming opponent. The phony story rips the hide off the home team, of course. The editor has the story set up and printed on newspaper stock. The piece then is carefully torn with nice, jagged edges to lend an authentic note to the swindle and tacked on the bulletin board. This trick has been the genesis of a great many upsets which confound the customers.

Rockne never hesitated to deceive his players in scandalous fashion if he thought he could get away with it. In 1922, the first year the Four Horsemen rode, Rock took Notre Dame to Georgia Tech with nine sophomores in the starting lineup. He had been giving the team the old fire-and-fury treatment all season and sensed a quick switch was needed to give the boys a shot in the arm. Just before they went out, Rock got up and faced the squad with lines of agony etched on his face. Fumblingly, he pulled a telegram from his pocket.

"This is from a poor little boy in

the hospital at South Bend," Rock began on the tremolo of the organ. "The doctors don't know whether he'll live through the day. It reads: 'Please ask my Daddy's team to win for me.'"

He sobbed convulsively. "It's from my little boy Billy."

"The news shocked the team," Jim Crowley says, "because we had seen little Billy the day before and he was perfectly healthy. We murdered Georgia Tech by a 35-7 score, hoping to pull little Billy through the crisis. The next day we returned to South Bend and a mob met us at the station. Right up there in the foreground was little Billy, looking like an ad for Carnation Milk. The players could hardly walk, but we won the ball game."

Spirit—it's wonderful. And it can be whipped up in the most wonderfully wacky fashion. When Notre Dame went to Princeton in 1924, Rockne had such a sore throat that he could not speak above a whisper. The Master had a bright idea. The teams occupied adjoining locker rooms and since the day was very warm, the windows in both rooms were wide open. Notre Dame could hear Princeton's Bill Roper sounding his "a" preparatory to pulling out all the organ stops.

"There's the best fire-eater in the world," Rock told his men, pointing to the next room. "Listen to him and win with his fight talk."

Notre Dame listened hard, and won the game—12-0.

## What America is Reading

(Continued from page 9)

no name? Who had the most names?

Regular readers of detective stories may be able to answer these questions; if not, they will find the answers in Howard Haycraft's highly entertaining "Murder for Pleasure: the Life and Times of the Detective Story", which tells so much about that particular form of writing that it's a whole entertainment in itself.

This is the centenary of the detective story, which critics date from the publication of "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" by Edgar Allan Poe in 1841. Poe wrote three detective stories and "The Gold Bug" is not one of them. You can tell a detective story because it has a trained investigator in it, "for analysis and deduction are the main devices by which a story becomes comprehensible". And in analyzing the stories by A. Conan Doyle, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Carolyn Wells, Dashiell Hammett, S. S. Van Dine, Anne Katherine Green and many other authors, Mr. Haycraft tells us what to look for, what to avoid and what to approve.

It's a strange business, how these stories keep coming. They have helped a great many readers to keep awake, or to fall asleep—as they wished. (Appleton-Century, \$3)

The publishers are keeping us provided with a full grist of detective and mystery stories. Here's one with a novel title—"The Chuckling Fingers". (Crime Club, \$2) Mabel Seeley, who wrote "The Listening House", is the author, and it describes the mystery at Fiddler's Fingers, an estate on Lake Superior in Minnesota. Ann Gay clears up this one. Another case of a husband's first wife creating a mystery on an English estate is provided by Patricia Wentworth in "In the Balance". (Lippincott, \$2) And Bermuda, once the playground of New Yorkers, and now buzzing with war work of all kinds, is the scene for Q. Patrick's new mystery, "Return to the Scene", in which a wedding party has its fun spoiled by the murder of a sadistic bridegroom. (Simon & Schuster, \$2)

WYOMING'S pioneer days are not so far in the past that living men can't recall them, and this makes Dr. Will Frackelton's reminiscences in "Sagebrush Dentist" highly entertaining. Dr. Frackelton, who today is one of Wyoming's most useful and eminent citizens, arrived in Sundance in 1893 and got in solid with its people by knocking out the town banker in a boxing match. His real job, how-

ever, was fixing teeth, and this he did all over the state, at one time traveling with an optician. He was bitten by the gold bug and joined the rush to the Klondike, but the dust he accumulated was for looking after the miners' teeth in Skagway. His Wyoming experiences are filled with exciting and amusing episodes. He once had a brush with the famous Hole-in-the-Wall gang of bandits and managed to give them the slip. At Casper, Wyo., a lady of the town known as Poker Nell had him set two diamonds weighing ½ carat each in her teeth; he did so by replacing her natural teeth with Richmond crowns—a porcelain-faced crown with a gold backing. He also looked after the teeth of Calamity Jane, whose picturesque profanity he remembers. Colonel W. F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill", used to come to Sheridan, Wyo., and Dr. Frackelton once heard him berated to his face as a picture-book scout by Frank Grouard, who had scouted for General Crook and lived in Sheridan. One of Doctor Frackelton's exploits was to save Fort Mackenzie from demolition; it is now a veterans' hospital. His book gives a capital picture of the energetic ways of the early settlers and the beginning of city life in Wyoming. (A. C. McClurg & Co., \$2.50)



New books about Europe, the war and American foreign relations continue to meet a warm welcome from readers. Despite all the war news printed in the newspapers the public wants the comments of war correspondents and authors who give their experiences and opinions in book form. Among these books Leland Stowe's "No Other Road for Freedom" describes his experiences during eighteen months of travel in Europe as a correspondent, and backs up William L. Shirer's unfavorable report on German tactics in conquered lands. Mr. Stowe is the correspondent who described the penetration of Norway and the activity of the "fifth column" there and he amplifies his statements in this book. He believes that the quick subjugation of Norway was partly due to the friendliness of the Norwegians, who have no military backgrounds and did not expect anybody to molest them. He also believes that there was a minor element of collusion and treason. He calls the Germans "brown bolshevists" and says they make Stalin's reds look like clumsy amateurs. His observations have made an interventionist of Mr. Stowe, who wants the United States to give full aid to Britain, but he believes that Britain will win if it lasts through the Fall. (Alfred A. Knopf, \$3)

There is a new book of Hitler's speeches available, for those who want the text of his remarks; it is called "My New Order, by Adolf Hitler" and has been intelligently edited by Raoul de Roussy de Sales, with an introduction by Raymond Gram Swing. But what he says we already know from the excellent book by Francis Hackett entitled "What Mein Kampf Means to America". The chief effect of reading Hitler's speeches is to observe how often he has contradicted himself and broken his promises. Here is the philosophy of Mein Kampf in action. (Reynal & Hitchcock, \$1.89)

Also of unusual interest at this time is W. Somerset Maugham's "Strictly Personal", which gives a clear picture of France at the time of collapse, the whole seen through the sharp eyes of this unromantic writer, who has no axe to grind and tells the truth as he knows it. (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50)

Democracy has come to mean a great many things; as Bernard Smith says, "it has come to mean whatever anyone wants it to mean". But in spite of our professions and practices, many of them selfish and intolerant, America has produced a large array of clear thinkers, forceful writers who have repeatedly reminded their fellow-citizens that honor, integrity, high ideals, were of more permanent value than material gain. Mr. Smith, feeling that de-

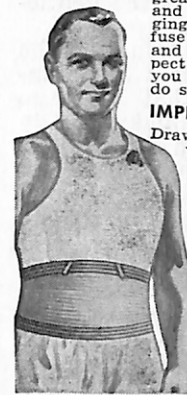
mocracy implies attempts to be just and generous to all, to give equal opportunity to all before the law, and to lessen the oppressions of an unequal industrial civilization, has drawn upon many American thinkers for heartening comment along this line. His book of nearly 1,000 pages assembles so many forceful statements that it ought to prove invaluable to anyone who wants to keep the ideals of democracy clearly in view, to instruct the younger generation, and to build a citadel of strength in our own time. He calls it "The Democratic Spirit". Represented in the collection are the great patriots—Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin; the great writers—Cooper, Whittier, Emerson, Thoreau; the presidents who fought for democratic ideals—Lincoln, Wilson, Cleveland; the poets of our day who have dealt with modern issues—Masters, Sandburg, Millay; the critics of American life—John Dewey, Charles A. Beard, Van Wyck Brooks, and many many others. "What is it all about, anyhow, this life of ours?" asked Hamlin Garland, while Carl Sandburg, a few years ago, expressed his confidence in the people: "The people will live on. The learning and blundering people will live on." The selections impress us with their militancy; the Americans here represented were not complacent in the face of disorder, but critical, and though some of the criticism is extreme it is also healthy. But fifty years ago no book of this kind could have been assembled. Then we would have had extracts from the best orators—high-flown statements about American opportunity and optimism, instead of clean-cut analyses of what ailed us. "The Democratic Spirit" is not for complacent people, but those who really care about the American way cannot afford to ignore it. (Alfred A. Knopf, \$5)

**REMEMBER "Country Lawyer"?** That was Bellamy Partridge's story of his father's life in an upstate town in New York, a warm, homely account that reminded a lot of others of their fathers. The Partridge family proved so interesting to readers that Bellamy has dug back into his past to fill out more anecdotes, and in "Big Family" he writes about days that some of us have good cause to remember. Recall the morning of the Fourth of July—and the evening? Those were the good old days! Days when the dressmaker came to the house, when the evangelist came to town to save sinners, when apples and potatoes were stored in the cellar for the winter, when a big family gathered around the table at meal times. "Big Family" is full of reminders that are full of entertainment. (Whittlesey House, \$2.75)



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### To All Members

Congress recently enacted a law making it compulsory for postmasters to charge publishers two cents for every change of address.

This law places an unusual expense of several thousand dollars on THE ELKS MAGAZINE unless every member immediately notifies THE ELKS MAGAZINE or Lodge Secretary as to his change of address.

Please cooperate with your Lodge Secretary and notify him at once of your new address.



# Your Dog

(Continued from page 14)

"Yes, my dear, this is the gentleman I invited to dinner."

We leave to your imagination the conversation for the next few minutes and assure you that long ago we privately, publicly and officially admitted the poor taste of this jest.

The atmosphere became less electric when inside the house that pup unrolled about two yards of tongue in the happiest, goofiest puppy grin you ever saw. Before that night was much older he completely sold himself. For nearly thirteen years, Bobby—we named him that—never left our home except for short journeys with his folks and we shall always remember the morning we came downstairs to find him lying on the third from the last step—dead. In his effort to climb the stairs to his beloved mistress his weary legs failed him. Old age had called the turn.

Ever since, we have been grateful to that little guy who never had a doubt that he was sole proprietor of our home and the people in it. The reason being that because of him we became seriously interested in dogs and through him were able to add to our modest store of knowledge about them. In the years that have followed we've bred and owned a passel of pooches and from each have learned something about the species, but it was Bobby who first made us aware that there is a touch of pathos marking the association of *homo sapiens* and his dog. This goes double for the owner who is genuinely fond of his or her dog. Because at four or five weeks the dog is weaned, at six months gets his second teeth, in about eighteen months is fully matured, and at ten years is a septuagenarian or as old as a man of seventy. It is reckoned that one year of human life is comparable to seven years for a dog, because Fido runs his race so quickly, and few dogs live for much longer than twelve years. Some few dogs have reached twenty, but are very few.

Just as does the aged person, the old dog presents certain problems regarding his or her care different from those peculiar to youth.

To begin with, to you who may own a dog that is well on in years may we suggest that you be a bit easier with him than you were when he was younger. He's earned the right to be more gently treated. When you call

him to you, don't expect the prompt response that he gave in his youth. His old muscles may be sore and his hearing may be failing. Remember his years of devotion and accord to him the extra kindness that this has earned for him. Take him to a vet once in a while for a check-up. He may be afflicted with any or a number of infirmities natural to his age. He can't tell you about them and he looks to you as a friend who will understand. After all, you are the only one who can help him.

Forget everything you've ever read about not feeding dogs between meals; give him a tid-bit now and then, off-schedule or not. See that his food is a bit softer than it used to be and, don't, whatever you do, (you won't of course) do as that nit-wit who wrote me recently (not a reader of this Magazine) and insist that he eat bones. That gal—yes, it was one of the sex—was told by another numbskull that dogs thrived only on bones and she was starving a twelve-year-old airedale on that diet. She mentioned that the teeth of the poor pooch were bad and then, believe it or not, wondered why he wouldn't go for the bones. While on the matter of Fido's dinner pail, if you have been giving him solids in chunks, then cut these in smaller pieces for him; his old teeth are not the cutting and grinding tools they once were.

**Y**OUR old dog needs more rest than he did when he was a frolicsome youngster or when in his prime. He

needs a bit more quiet, too. His exercise periods should be shortened and if you take him on a hike don't walk too fast or too far.

When he was young and a tough citizen, you could bat him around in play and he probably had a swell time but now that he's walking with a cane don't play with him too roughly or too violently.

In the matter of his Saturday night scrubbing, cut these sessions to a minimum of every six weeks or better every two months. Instead give him more frequent grooming but go easy with the comb and brush; his old hide may be more tender. When you do tub him be sure to dry him right down to his B. V. D.'s and put all draughty places out of bounds for him while he's drying. As a matter of fact this goes for all dogs that have been dunked.

The canine grey-head should have a quieter, more secluded sleeping place and this too should be absolutely draughtless.

If he still fancies himself a scrapper, turn thumbs down on this. He's likely to meet up with a younger, stronger pup and in a finish duel this may mean curtains for the older.

If yours happens to be an old lady dog then nix on any romances for her after she's nine years old. The pups are not likely to be top-grade in sturdiness and, besides, taking care of a family is a large order at that age.

Give the old dog an occasional tablespoonful of olive oil as an antidote to constipation which so often accompanies age.

If he or she shows signs of sickness, which you can see by such symptoms as prolonged hot nose, together with others such as fever, unusual body heat, difficult breathing, continued lassitude and (or) inflamed red in the whites of the eyes, then take a temperature reading. This can be done via the rectum or by holding the thermometer under the dog's arm-pit. If taken the rectal way keep the thermometer in contact at least one minute; if taken under the arm-pit increase this to two minutes. If above 101½ degrees this indicates fever; around 105 a serious condition and above that, well, it's pretty sure to call for a doggy funeral.

The dog in his dotage is likely to be bothered by watery eyes. For



"No! No!! Ed! She's cute!"



this, here's an excellent eye-wash and one that you can use yourself with mighty good results. It's the favorite recipe of our respected mother and how she has passed it out in our neighborhood! Take two teaspoonsful of boric acid to a pint of boiling water. When this cools add ½ teaspoonful of Spirits of Camphor. For humans it's used full strength but we suggest you dilute it a bit for your pup. Use a soft rag when wiping the eyes and be sure the solution is cool to the point where it isn't even lukewarm. The dog with failing sight isn't helped any by shaggy eyebrows that obscure his vision, which is characteristic of many of the terrier breeds particularly. This optical foliage should be trimmed.

Bad, decayed teeth are another curse to your ancient friend. Here's where a vet's check-up is the more important. Tartar should be scraped from Fido's molars and his teeth should be cleaned with a mixture of powdered charcoal and ordinary toothpaste.

The old fellow's feet may need looking after; age may crack the pads or overgrown nails may prove painful. For the first, try massaging with olive oil or vaseline and for the overgrown nails, these should be clipped. Don't try to do this yourself if the nails are black. You might clip into the quick which will cause some bleeding and a whole lot more pain to the pooch. Best have this done, no matter if the nails are black or white, by your vet. There is an alternative and that's filing, but it's a slow job and a nuisance.

Along about this time of life Fido begins to get that crick in the back. In other words, plain, ordinary rheumatism or lumbago. A course of massage treatments with a mild liniment may help. But in any event, when he begins to hobble or you discover unexpected painful areas on his body, be sure to keep him where it's warm and dry. Occasionally we find a dog so badly afflicted that any sudden movement or merely the course of an ordinary stride will call forth a yelp or so. If this condition persists to the point of warranting the attention of a vet, then by all means get one. Rheumatism is

no picnic, as anyone who has or has had it, will tell you.

Another common complaint that often visits our elderly friend is asthma. You'll note this by his heavy breathing and dry, persistent cough. Sometimes the cough will bring on the staggers. Don't try home remedies; get a vet. The fee is modest and surely it's worth that to relieve him.

Ear troubles are likely to visit your ward when he's old, canker being the most common. You can detect this by his frequent shaking of his head, persistent rubbing of his ear with his paw or against furniture or other stationary objects. Often this is caused by minute parasites, water on the ear, impure blood or the result of a blow. You may discover it one day when you handle his head and happen to touch an ear which, if painful to him, will prompt him to let you know about it. We don't know of any affliction, barring rabies (and that's rare, believe us) that will more quickly sour Fido's disposition and make him definitely anti-social. Don't waste time trying to cure him yourself if he shows these symptoms; signal your vet.

Such old-age ills as kidney and liver troubles, diabetes, dropsy or paralysis can only be surely diagnosed by a veterinarian and if your retainer shows any of the symptoms which we gave in the early part of this thesis—general indications of being off his feed—then the vet is the only answer.

To allow a dog that is blind, paralyzed or in any other way seriously incapacitated, to linger on is mistaken kindness. For a small sum your veterinarian can give it the needle and put it out of its misery almost instantly and (we may add) with no pain at all. There are specific directions for shooting a dog but these should be reserved entirely for the police who undoubtedly know them (we hope), but this should never, no never, be the fate of the dog that has grown old in his master's service.

In a long life of experimenting we haven't yet learned just what is a first class, A, Number One sin, but we are inclined to believe that the cold-blooded shooting of a faithful old dog comes pretty close to it.



"How to Know and Care for Your Dog" is the title of Edward Faust's booklet, published by the Kennel Department of *The Elks Magazine*. One canine authority says, "It is the most readable and understandable of all the books on this subject". This beautifully printed, well-illustrated 48-page book covers such subjects as feeding, bathing, common

illnesses, training and tricks, the mongrel versus the pedigree, popular breeds, etc. It is available to readers of *The Elks Magazine* at a special price of 25c. Send for your copy NOW. Address—*The Elks Magazine*—50 East 42nd Street, New York.

## YOUR GRACIOUS HOST FROM COAST TO COAST



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YORK**

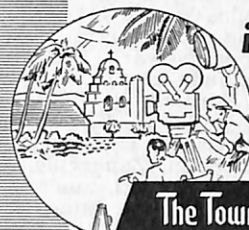
**The Gotham**



in..  
**CHICAGO**

**The Drake**

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ANGELES**

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\*That we know about.



# Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 21)

chartered plane, furnished by the Ohio State Elks Association, was awaiting him, and he had his first experience in blind night flying while en route to Cedar Point, O. Upon his arrival, he was welcomed by State Trustees Walter Penry, of Delaware Lodge, and Joseph W. Fitzgerald, Canton, and escorted to the auditorium of the Breakers Hotel at Cedar Point where the annual banquet was being held. Here, with hospitality typical of the State, he was welcomed by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick, of Toledo Lodge, and introduced to the assembled guests in the banquet room. Among the prominent Elks in attendance were the following District Deputies of Ohio: Karl P. Rumpf, Toledo, John W. Schuller, Hillsboro, Clyde G. Church, Mount Vernon, Ray Mitchell, Newark, Edward P. Hoadley, Ashtabula, and Albert Schwartz, Uhrichsville; the following Past Presidents of the Ohio State Elks Assn.: James E. Breen, Ashtabula, George J. Doerzbach, Sandusky, John F. Sherry, Bellaire, James R. Cooper, Newark, William G. Lambert, Cleveland, John C. A. Leppelman, Toledo, Norman C. Parr, New Philadelphia, William F. Bruning, Cleveland, Charles W. Casselman, Alliance, Fred L. Bohn, Zanesville, John F. Fussinger, Cincinnati, and C. A. Lais, Norwalk, and P.D.D. James Armistage, Elyria.

Judge McClelland attended the session of the State Association, presided over by President E. B. LeSueur of Toledo, and was introduced to the Convention by Dr. McCormick. The next morning he drove with Dr. McCormick to Toledo where he boarded a train for Chicago to attend a conference of the leaders of the Order on Friday, Saturday and Sunday. On Monday, September 1, the Grand Exalted Ruler spent the day in his office in the Elks National Memorial Building in consultation with Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters.

At 11 o'clock on Monday night, Judge McClelland, accompanied by Mrs. McClelland who had joined him in Chicago, entrained for Alliance, O. They were met at the station the next morning by E.R. C. Roy McNally, of Alliance Lodge No. 467, and Mrs. McNally, P.E.R. James J. Russell and Mrs. Russell, and Mrs. Jane Hoiles, and taken to the lodge home which is famous throughout the country for the magnificence of its architecture and furnishings and the beauty of the grounds which surround it. There a breakfast was held for the visitors after which they were conducted through the building and grounds by Mayor Floyd Senn, P.E.R. W. E. Dunning, J. E. Wagner, E. H. Turkle, and F. E. Henry, Jr. After the inspection, Judge McClelland was the guest of honor at a luncheon at the Alliance Country Club, after which he returned to the home for an informal get-together with the members. At

5:30 o'clock in the evening a banquet was held in the Field House of the lodge home, at which more than 600 Elks and candidates met the Grand Exalted Ruler. At 7 p.m. Judge McClelland attended ceremonies in Memorial Hall on the Mount Union College campus, where a class of 100 candidates was initiated. The Grand Exalted Ruler was introduced by Wade H. Kepner, of Wheeling, W. Va., Home Member of the Board of Grand Trustees. After the initiation, the mortgage on the million dollar estate of Alliance Lodge was burned with appropriate ceremonies, and P.E.R. James J. Russell, on behalf of the lodge, presented the Grand Exalted Ruler with a beautiful gold watch as a memento of his visit. The ceremonies of the evening were in charge of the Exalted Ruler, C. Roy McNally, and music for the ceremonies was played on the organ by G. E. Graf, a member of the lodge. Among the prominent Elks in attendance were Mr. Kepner, Charles J. Schmidt, Tiffin, Pres. of the O. State Elks Assn., D.D. Edward P. Hoadley, Ashtabula, Past Pres. Charles Casselman, Alliance, who gave the "Thanatopsis", and Arnold Lutes, Harry Schooley, Harry Schultz, E. H. Meeks, and Carl Greenamyer, P.E.R.'s of Alliance Lodge.

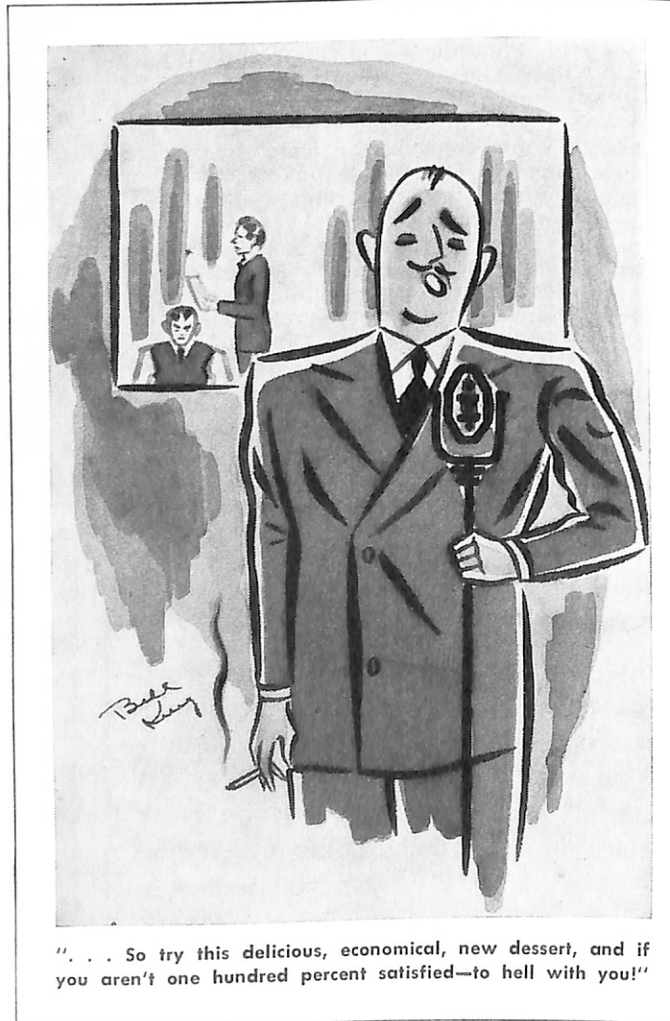
Mrs. McClelland was royally entertained in Alliance by the ladies of the reception committee of which Mrs. Harold Hoiles was Chairman. A lunch-

eon was given in her honor at the Alliance Woman's Club, and a banquet in the evening at the Alliance Country Club, where covers were laid for more than 175 guests. Mrs. McClelland was presented with a handsome gold mesh evening bag by the ladies' committee, representing the lodge.

On September 5, the Grand Exalted Ruler motored to South Georgia where he visited Thomasville Lodge No. 1618. Lodges of the locality, and also a delegation from Tallahassee, Fla., Lodge, No. 937, participated in a fine program. A parade of more than 100 automobiles, gaily decorated in the Elk colors, purple and white, formed at the lodge home at 6:30 p.m. The procession was led through the downtown section of the city by a motorcycle escort to the community house on the outskirts of the town where a delicious barbecue chicken dinner was served, after which the motorcade returned to the lodge home where the initiation of a splendid class of candidates was held. The Grand Exalted Ruler was introduced by E.R. Dr. John W. White, Mayor of Thomasville. The ritualistic work was performed by the national Ritualistic Championship Team of Decatur, Ga., Lodge, No. 1602. This was one of the largest gatherings of Elks in the history of the Order in South Georgia. Tallahassee Lodge was well represented with more than 40 members, among whom were E.R. K. D. Bliss, P.E.R.'s

Judge W. T. Moore, Jr., W. K. Collins, Irvin Gates, J. R. Jinks, W. H. Cates, Marvin Collins, Jr., Cecil Gordon, George A. Whitehead, J. W. Collins, Jr., and all of the chair officers. The motorcade from Tallahassee was led by Chief of Police Gid Ledge, City Manager M. N. Yancy, two police officers, and a Florida State Highway patrol car. Quincy, Fla., Lodge, No. 1111, was represented by E.R. J. C. Duck. Other Georgia lodges were represented. Albany Lodge No. 713 was represented by E.R. J. W. Gaggstatter and Secy. I. G. Ehrlich; the Waycross Lodge No. 369 delegation was headed by P.E.R.'s R. Sam Monroe, W. Wayne Hinson and G. E. Lovelace. E.R. N. N. Langdale, of Valdosta Lodge No. 728, was accompanied by P.E.R.'s H. C. Van Horn and J. B. Johnson, and Past Vice-Pres. of the Georgia State Elks Association Bert Glisson. Fitzgerald Lodge No. 1036 was represented by P.E.R. Will S. Haile. Dr. Albert C. Tuck, Secy. of Thomasville Lodge, did a fine job in arranging this gala event.

Judge McClelland was accompanied to Thomasville by State Pres. H. O. Hubert, Jr., and P.E.R. Young H. Fraser, Decatur, P.D.D. J. Bush, Athens, Past State Pres. J. Gordon Hardy, Atlanta, and the Grand Exalted Ruler's Secretary, Tom Brisendine, of East Point Lodge. On September 6, the Grand Exalted Ruler returned to Atlanta to attend the charity fish fry, sponsored annually by Atlanta Lodge.



"... So try this delicious, economical, new dessert, and if you aren't one hundred percent satisfied—to hell with you!"



## Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 15)

gent hunting, and which reduced the game to the artificiality of live pigeon shooting.

Thousands of duck hunters in this country play much the same type of game every season and imagine they're getting the ultimate in wild-fowling thrills. It never occurs to them that the sport they love has been made so easy or regulated to such an extent that little of it remains. That 10-bird objective is all that counts; how the ducks were killed doesn't enter into the picture.

Several years ago it was my pleasure to shoot with one of the smartest waterfowl gunners on the Jersey coast. This chap was—and still is—a master strategist, a topflight duck shot and, lastly, a keen observer. You have to be smart to get birds along the Garden State's coastal shoreline. There are few places open to public shooting and these spots are all known and heavily gunned. And after the opening day they're equally well known to surviving quackers.

On one memorable occasion we pushed out to a low, grassy island in the bay with our two decoy-laden Barnegat Bay "gunning boxes", and paused there for a cigaret and look-see. There was shell ice on the water that morning—the first of the season. And a bright, glaring sun was shining from a cloudless sky. To make matters even more difficult, there wasn't a breath of wind.

Nothing was flying within range of the island, although a few bunches of blacks were trading about, along with an occasional flock of brant, which were legal game in those days. It didn't look like we had a Chinaman's chance, and I said so.

"Keep your shirt on," replied my companion, "and let me size things up a minute. Remember that a man's gotta be awfully dumb if he can't fool a duck."

"Nuts!" I replied. "Let's go dig ourselves a mess of clams. There isn't enough grass on this point to hide a cockroach, not to mention two 12-foot duck boats. And we can't bury 'em in the sand because the tide's coming in."

"Yeah," he replied, "I know. Come on, let's move out a bit farther and rig out." With that he tossed away his cigaret stub and hauled his boat off the sandy point. I followed, saying nothing. About 50 yards from the point of the island, in water less than six inches deep, he stopped, looked around and remarked that we'd kill 'em right there. I looked at him in amazement.

"You mean you're going to spot our decoys here and shoot from the island? Hell's bells, man! What do you think I'm shooting, a siege gun?"

"Not at all," he answered, "we'll shoot right from here and spot our decoys about 30 yards beyond."

For a moment I thought the guy had gone completely nuts. There we were, as obvious as a haystack in a stubble field, without a vestige of concealment for two boats. And my companion talking of killing a mess of blacks, rated the smartest duck that flies by any experienced gunner!

"Don't stand there looking at me like a half-wit," he answered, lashing our two boats together and securing them with stakes pushed into the sandy bottom. "Grab one of those clam shovels and throw some of that shell ice over the boats."

"Why you dim-witted goof," I replied, "there isn't enough ice on the bay this morning to hide a sandpiper, let alone two 12-foot duck boats. I still think you're nuts. Hell, a duck wouldn't come within a mile of us, sitting out here in the open water in plain sight. Why don't you sign the pledge? Quit kidding and let's go dig some clams. They're practically as good as roast duck."

"You wanted to shoot ducks, didn't you?"

"Certainly," I answered, "but . . ."

"Well, then, start shoveling ice." It took me several minutes to scoop a thin covering of ice over the two white-painted boats, but by the time I'd finished, my companion had rigged out our decoys and was fishing something out of his gunning coat.

"Before you flop down in your boat," he spoke up, "put this on." And he handed me a woman's white nightgown, tastefully adorned with two pink bows!

"Why dearie," I cracked, "what a delightful surprise! It was just what I wanted all along! Now that you've given me something loose and comfy, suppose I let my hair down and . . ."

He made no reply to that but produced another nightgown and pulled it over his gunning coat, so I did the same. It was beginning to dawn on me that the guy might have something, although it didn't make sense.

Shooting from a Barnegat Bay gunning box is much like battery gunning. You recline on your back and sit up to accept a shot. The boat affords almost perfect concealment—provided, of course, the boat is properly hidden. But it's tricky shooting and far more difficult than gunning from a box or blind where you have both feet on the ground and can pivot right or left. Fortunately, I'd long since learned the technique. And it was just as well, for, believe it or not, the next two hours were packed with that season's greatest thrills.

First arrivals were six black ducks. I saw them coming a mile away and hardly could believe my eyes when they veered toward our decoys and dipped in like a flock of pigeons scaling toward a barn roof. There we were, in plain sight—or so it seemed to me—and pulling in the wariest

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ducks of 'em all! We smacked four of those big babies as easily as breaking sticks. I was about to jump out and pick them up when a flock of brant headed our way. We got five of them.

Along about ten o'clock the warm sun melted the ice off our boats and my companion departed to dig some clams. I elected to remain in the boat on the off-chance another shot would be presented. We were still a few birds shy of a duck and brant limit, but I had 'em when my gunning partner returned. I still couldn't understand why we'd had such superb shooting.

"The whole thing was so simple," replied my companion when I put the question to him, "that I can't understand why you didn't tumble to the trick right from the beginning. Listen, we had bright sunlight at our backs, didn't we?"

"Sure," I replied.

"And we had the first ice of the

season, didn't we?" he continued.

"Righto."

"And the ducks were flying toward us this morning with the sun in their eyes, weren't they?"

"Sure, but..."

"Well," he continued, "just because you could see them plainly doesn't mean they could see us in all that ice glare and sun dazzle. In addition, those birds were unsuspecting because no one—at least this season—had shot at them from an ice hide. Our two boats are painted dead white; we were wearing a couple of Sally's old nightgowns which blended us in with the white boats and to a sun-dazzled duck we were just another large chunk of drifting ice or perhaps a frosted bit of debris, aground in shallow water."

I complimented him on his nimble-witted strategy and we began to pick up.

"Shucks," was his reply, "it wasn't so much. The trouble with most

duck hunters these days is that few of 'em ever use their noodles. If they can't climb into a tailor-made concrete blind, with some guide to wet-nurse them around, they're lost. I wouldn't give you a dime for that kind of shooting. How much fun would it be catching trout in a hatchery pond?

I admitted not much.

"Well, the same goes for duck shooting. It doesn't take any savvy to kill birds when everything's in your favor. And if you ask me, it isn't much fun. Fun comes when you out-fox ducks when conditions look bad, as they did this morning."

"Don't rub it in."

"I ain't trying to rub it in," he replied, as we splashed shoreward, dragging our heavily laden boats, "I'm just trying to tell you that nothing is worth a damn if it comes easy, including ducks."

I didn't give him an argument on that bit of philosophy.

## Vacations Unlimited

(Continued from page 48)

tal of the Confederate States of America from 1861 to 1865, the hope of the South and the despair of the North for those four long, bloody, heart-breaking years. The best commanders, the most immense armies the Federal government could furnish, hammered at Richmond, while the South's bravest hearts and keenest minds stood with their backs often at the very walls of the city, but would not let them pass.

Distressing as it is to those who love the old—and who doesn't, as a firm foundation for the future?—the fire which in 1865 destroyed so much of *ante bellum* Richmond is a helping friend to the visitors who must see the city in an all too brief time. As so much was destroyed then and since, through the natural process of progress, Richmond has not the wealth of old buildings that she might have. In all the old parts of the town, however, are quaint bits out of the past still in existence, in addition to the better-known points of historical interest.

Near Richmond is Virginia Beach—the finest of the Middle Atlantic playgrounds. Surf bathing is possible for seven months of the year, along with excellent salt- and fresh-water fishing, in season. No better hunting grounds can be found than in this vicinity, and the several golf courses are of the very best. A winter, spring, summer or fall vacation may be spent here full of pleasure. Virginia Beach is in the center of Tidewater's historic shrines. Within a radius of less than seventy miles are the relics of the very earliest days of the American Nation.

It's not a very long step from the coast to Pinehurst, North Carolina. From its original conception in 1895, Pinehurst has preserved a warm, friendly little community, free from pretense and formality. You'll find

no "resort" atmosphere at Pinehurst; it is casual, leisurely and peaceful. However, this has not meant the curtailment of conveniences; as a matter of fact, the village has all the conveniences which are usually found only in a city many times its size. Around the village green are the movie theater, the public library and modern little shops and stores, in a setting of winding roads, flowering shrubs and the long-leaf pines so characteristic of the Sand Hill section of the Carolinas. The hotels and the many winter residences are supplied with all the customary public utilities. The Pinehurst Country Club is the real center of the social and sporting life of the community. Here is a stunning clubhouse with broad porches and open terraces where you can relax in sunny contentment; there's an informal grill for luncheon and tea, an ideal place for golf post-mortems, a spacious dance hall and card rooms for a sociable game of contract.

As one goes south through the Great Smokies there unfolds a country in which all the beauty that nature can bestow has been poured out—mountains 6,000 feet high, covered with enchanting woods, romantic valleys, peaceful meadows, glittering lakes, wild rocks, roaring waterfalls, friendly little towns and hamlets.

Amidst this blissful scenery at the wooded slopes of Sunset Mountain, looking down upon Asheville, far removed from the surge of crowds, in the crystal-clear, brisk mountain air is Grove Park Inn, which calls itself the finest hotel in the Smoky Mountain region. It is unusual outside and inside, more like a country home than a hotel. Grove Park Inn offers you all the comfort you may desire. It is a haven of rest and relaxation, although everything is provided in the way of recreation and activity: a

stable of fine horses, clay tennis courts, four 18-hole golf courses, a swimming pool and, for the children, a well-equipped playground.

Farthest south of our resorts for this month is Sea Island, Georgia. Fringed by palms and pines, off Georgia's southern coast, lies a chain of islands noted for unique beauty and stimulating year-'round climate. Prehistoric Indians found these islands happy hunting grounds. Spanish conquistadores and grey-robed padres planted their standards there. Colonial plantations flourished with fields of famous Sea Island cotton.

Today these Golden Isles are sought as an ideal all-year playland. All the islands are privately owned except Saint Simons, with Sea Island at its seaward tip. Connected to the mainland by a motor causeway, Sea Island combines the intriguing atmosphere of island isolation with easy accessibility. Golf takes on a new thrill over the Sea Island Club's superb course where there's an interesting contrast between inland and seaside golf.

An outstanding southern skeet center, the Sea Island Gun Club has two complete fields and an attractive clubhouse where informal club shoots and tournaments are often held. From November to March, many sportsmen enjoy hunting on the 65,000-acre Hunting Preserve.

Anglers may swing their lines from drops in front of The Cloister or fish from bateaux on the Hampton River for trout, whiting and sheepshead. Surf-casters find sport in landing a fighting channel-bass or drum, and deep-sea parties go for mackerel, blues, snapper, cobia and tarpon.

And that is as far south as we will go this month. Next time, perhaps, we can describe the loveliness of Florida, whose resorts are the finest in the world.



# A Money-Making Opportunity for Men of Character

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**This is a call for men everywhere to handle exclusive agency for one of the most unique business inventions of the day.**

Forty years ago the horse and buggy business was supreme—today almost extinct. Twenty years ago the phonograph industry ran into many millions—today practically a relic. Only a comparatively few foresighted men saw the fortunes ahead in the automobile and the radio. Yet irresistible waves of public buying swept these men to fortune, and sent the buggy and the phonograph into the discard. So are great successes made by men able to detect the shift in public favor from one industry to another.

*Now another change is taking place.* An old established industry—an integral and important part of the nation's structure—in which millions of dollars change hands every year—is in thousands of cases being replaced by a truly astonishing, simple invention which does the work better—more reliably—AND AT A COST OFTEN AS LOW AS 2% OF WHAT IS ORDINARILY PAID! It has not required very long for men who have taken over the rights to this valuable invention to do a remarkable business, and show earnings which in these times are almost unheard of for the average man.

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**but a valuable, proved device which  
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Make no mistake—this is no novelty—no flimsy creation which the inventor hopes to put on the market. You probably have seen nothing like it yet—perhaps never dreamed of the existence of such a device—yet it has already been used by corporations of outstanding prominence—by dealers of great corporations—by their branches—by doctors, newspapers, publishers—schools—hospitals, etc., etc., and by thousands of small business men. You don't have to convince a man that he should use an electric bulb to light his office instead of a gas lamp. Nor do you have to sell the same business man the idea that some day he may need something like this invention. The need is already there—the money is usually being spent right at that very moment—and the desirability of saving the greatest part of this expense is obvious immediately.

#### **Some of the Savings You Can Show**

You walk into an office and put down before your prospect a letter from a sales organization showing that they did work in their own office for \$11 which formerly could have cost them over \$200. A building supply corporation pays our man \$70, whereas the bill could have been for \$1,600! An automobile dealer pays our representative \$15, whereas the expense could have been over \$1,000. A department store has expense of \$88.60, possible cost if done outside the business being well over \$2,000. And so on. We could not possibly list all cases here. These are just a few of the many actual cases which we place in your hands to work with. Practically every line of business and every section of the country is represented by these field reports which hammer across dazzling, convincing money-saving opportunities which hardly any business man can fail to understand.

#### **Profits Typical of the Young, Growing Industry**

Going into this business is not like selling something offered in every grocery, drug or department store. For instance, when you take a \$7.50 order, \$5.83 can be your share. On \$1,500 worth of business, your share can be \$1,167.00. The very least you get as your part of every dollar's worth of business you do is 67 cents—on ten dollars' worth \$6.70, on a hundred dollars' worth \$67.00—in other words two thirds of every order you get is yours. Not only on the first order—but on repeat orders—and you have the opportunity of earning an even larger percentage.

#### **This Business Has Nothing to Do With House to House Canvassing**

Nor do you have to know anything about high-pressure selling. "Selling" is unnecessary in the ordinary sense of the word. Instead of hammering away at the customer and trying to "force" a sale, you make a dignified, business-like call, leave the installation—whatever size the customer says he will accept—at our risk, let the customer sell himself after the device is in and working. This does away with the need for pressure on the customer—it eliminates the handicap of trying to get the money before the customer has really convinced himself 100%. You simply tell what you offer, showing proof of success in that customer's particular line of business. Then leave the invention without a dollar down. It starts working at once. In a few short days, the installation should actually produce enough cash money to pay for the deal, with profits above the investment coming in at the same time. You then call back, collect your money. Nothing is so convincing as our offer to let results speak for themselves without risk to the customer! While others fail to get even a hearing, our men are making sales running into the hundreds. They have received the attention of the largest firms in the country, and sold to the smallest businesses by the thousands.

### EARNINGS

One man in California earned over \$1,600 per month for three months—close to \$5,000 in 90 days' time. Another writes from Delaware—"Since I have been operating (just a little less than a month of actual selling) and not the full day at that, because I have been getting organized and had to spend at least half the day in the office; counting what I have sold outright and on trial, I have made just a little in excess of one thousand dollars profit for one month." A man working small city in N. Y. State made \$10,805 in 9 months. Texas man nets over \$300 in less than a week's time. Space does not permit mentioning here more than these few random cases. However, they are sufficient to indicate that the worthwhile future in this business is coupled with immediate earnings for the right kind of man. One man with us has already made over a thousand sales on which his earnings ran from \$5 to \$60 per sale and more. A great deal of this business was repeat business. Yet he had never done anything like this before coming with us. That is the kind of opportunity this business offers. The fact that this business has attracted to it such business men as former bankers, executives of businesses—men who demand only the highest type of opportunity and income—gives a fairly good picture of the kind of business this is. Our door is open, however, to the young man looking for the right field in which to make his start and develop his future.

#### **No Money Need Be Risked**

in trying this business out. You can measure the possibilities and not be out a dollar. If you are looking for a business that is not overcrowded—a business that is just coming into its own—on the upgrade, instead of the downgrade—a business that offers the buyer relief from a burdensome, but unavoidable expense—a business that has a prospect practically in every office, store, or factory into which you can set foot—regardless of size—that is a necessity but does not have any price cutting to contend with as other necessities do—that because you control the sales in exclusive territory is your own business—that pays more on some individual sales than many men make in a week and sometimes in a month's time—if such a business looks as if it is worth investigating, get in touch with us at once for the rights in your territory—don't delay—because the chances are that if you do wait, someone else will have written to us in the meantime—and if it turns out that you were the better man—we'd both be sorry. So for convenience, use the coupon below—but send it right away—or wire if you wish. But do it now. Address

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